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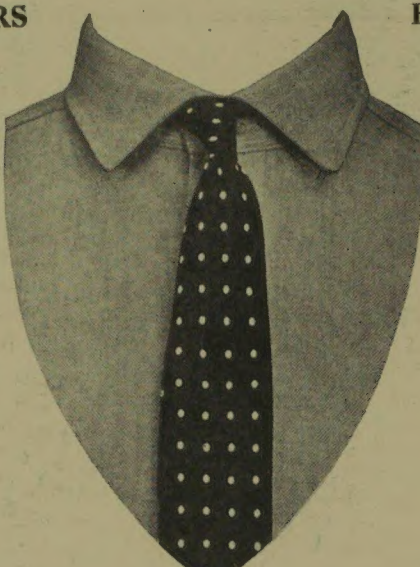
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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1933.



THE TOP OF THE ORIGINAL CENOTAPH (SINCE REPLACED BY THE PERMANENT ONE) AS AN ARMISTICE DAY SHRINE: A GATHERING IN THE IMPERIAL WAR MUSEUM HEARING THE WHITEHALL SERVICE RE-BROADCAST.

On Armistice Day, November 11, the ceremony at the Cenotaph in Whitehall (illustrated on page 790 of this number) was re-broadcast in the Imperial War Museum, where is preserved the uppermost portion of the original plaster Cenotaph erected in Whitehall for the Peace Procession in 1919. As shown in the above photograph, the staff of the Museum, who are all ex-Service men, together with some members of the public, assembled in front of this historic relic to observe

the Two Minutes Silence and listen to the service that followed. Like the present Cenotaph (built of Portland stone), which was unveiled by the King on Armistice Day 1920, during the funeral procession of the Unknown Warrior, the original temporary structure was designed by Sir Edwin Lutyens. On the top was set an altar containing a brazier, whereas the permanent monument is surmounted by a laurel wreath carved in stone.

"WITH PROUD THANKSGIVING": ARMISTICE DAY RITES AT THE CENOTAPH.



THE PRINCE OF WALES (AS THE KING'S DEPUTY) LAYING HIS MAJESTY'S WREATH OF POPPIES AT THE CENOTAPH, ON THE FIFTEENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE ARMISTICE: THE SCENE IN WHITEHALL SHORTLY BEFORE THE SILENCE.

The observances at the Cenotaph on the morning of Armistice Day, November 11, followed the now traditional lines, but owing to the weather conditions the King, on medical advice, did not take his usual part in the ceremony. The Prince of Wales (wearing the uniform of the Welsh Guards) acted as his deputy, and deposited his Majesty's wreath, as shown above, on the north side of the monument. The Duke of Gloucester, Prince George, and Prince Arthur of Connaught were also present, while the Queen watched from a Home Office window (the second from the right on the first floor, as shown in our photograph). With her Majesty were Princess Helena Victoria and Princess Marie Louise. The Duke and Duchess of York (as we note on another page) were attending the

ceremonies in Edinburgh. Just beyond the Cenotaph to the right may be seen members of the Government, with the Prime Minister (holding the Cabinet's wreath, which he afterwards deposited) at the right-hand end of the line. Wreaths were also offered by Sir Samuel Hoare for India, Sir Phillip Cunliffe-Lister for the Colonies and Protectorates, and by representatives of the Dominions, India, and the Forces. Across the foreground of the photograph is a double line of Guards, and beyond the Cenotaph to the left are Marines in white pith helmets among the naval contingent. It was a still day and the Two Minutes Silence had never been more profound. After it, a short service was conducted by the Bishop of London, and buglers of the Marines sounded Reveille.

"WE WILL REMEMBER THEM": ARMISTICE DAY "SILENCE" IN THE CITY.



SUFFICIENT TO DISPEL ANY IDEA THAT PUBLIC INTEREST IN ARMISTICE DAY IS WANING: PART OF THE VAST CROWD SURROUNDING THE LONDON TROOPS' MEMORIAL OUTSIDE THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.

Some have suggested that public interest in the celebration of Armistice Day in this country is on the wane. Any suggestion of that sort was abundantly disproved by the scenes in London on November 11, not only at the Cenotaph itself, but also (as shown here) in the heart of the City, as well as at many another war memorial in various parts of London and the suburbs. The same is true of the provinces (witness, for example, our illustrations on pages 792-793). In the above photograph is visible only a part of the immense throng that assembled in the space bounded by the Mansion House, the Bank of England, and the Royal Exchange, in front of which stands the War Memorial to the London Troops, between the Exchange and the equestrian statue of Wellington.

From this centre the crowd spread far along the streets that radiate from it—Cornhill (shown here in the right background), Lombard Street, Queen Victoria Street, Cheapside, Princes Street, and Threadneedle Street. Our photograph was taken during the Two Minutes Silence. Near the Memorial were grouped detachments of the London Division, the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve, and the 56th (1st London) and 47th (2nd London) Divisions, Territorial Army. The Lord Mayor and Sheriffs, with other civic dignitaries, had walked in procession from the Mansion House and stood at the foot of the Royal Exchange steps. Just before the Silence, the Last Post was sounded, and the colours were lowered in salute. After it, buglers sounded Reveille and the colours were raised.

ARMISTICE DAY OBSERVED, THROUGHOUT THE BRITISH ISLES: THE SILENCE IN TOWN, IN COUNTRY, AND AT SEA.



WHITBY: THE COMMEMORATION OF THE SAILORS OF THE CITY WHO FELL IN THE GREAT WAR—PART OF THE PROCESSION OF BOATS THAT PROCEEDED OUT TO SEA, WHERE A SERVICE WAS HELD, AND WREATHS WERE DROPPED IN THE WATER.



EDINBURGH: THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK, WITH THE LORD PROVOST, W. J. THOMSON (LEFT), AT THE STONE OF REMEMBRANCE, WHERE HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PLACED THE KING'S WREATH.



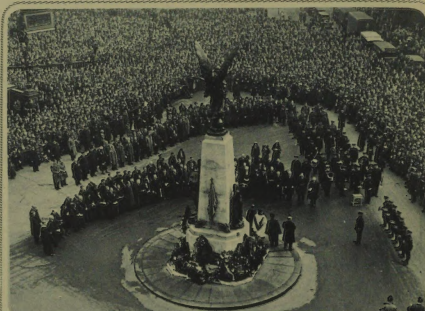
BELFAST: THE ULSTER ARMISTICE DAY CEREMONY IN THE GARDEN OF REMEMBRANCE AT THE CITY HALL, WHERE THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE ASSEMBLED—TWO WAR-BLIND MEN PLACING WREATHS ON THE CENOTAPH.



POTTERS BAR: THE NAZI SYMBOL ON A WREATH LAID ON THE GRAVES OF THE CREWS OF TWO ESPELINGS BROUGHT DOWN AT POTTERS BAR AND AT CUFFLEY IN 1916—THE SPOT WHERE AN ANNUAL SERVICE IS HELD IN THEIR MEMORY.



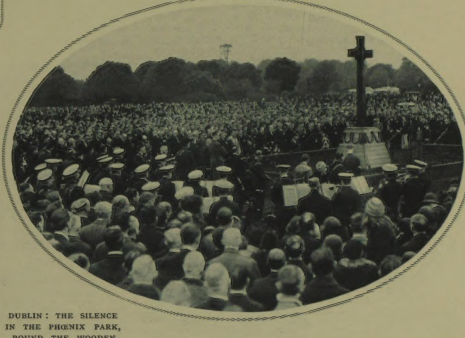
CODSALL: THE TWO MINUTES SILENCE OBSERVED AT A MEET OF THE ALBRIGHTON HUNT AT CODSALL, NEAR WOLVERHAMPTON—A SCENE TYPICAL OF MANY ALL OVER THE COUNTRY.



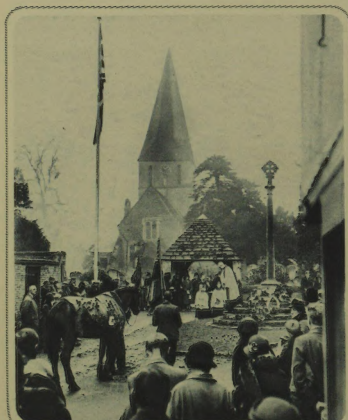
LEEDS: ARMISTICE DAY IN YORKSHIRE—A GENERAL VIEW OF THE 15,000 PEOPLE WHO GATHERED AT THE WAR MEMORIAL IN THE CITY SQUARE, WHERE A SERVICE WAS CONDUCTED BY THE BISHOP OF RIPON.



BRISTOL: THE TWO MINUTES SILENCE AT THE CITY'S WAR MEMORIAL, ATTENDED BY THE LORD MAYOR, THE EX-LORD MAYOR, THE DEAN OF BRISTOL, AND A LARGE CROWD—A GENERAL VIEW OF THE CEREMONY.



DUBLIN: THE SILENCE IN THE PHENIX PARK, ROUND THE WOODEN CROSS THAT STOOD FORMERLY ON THE BATTLEFIELD AT GINCEY—AN OCCASION ON WHICH UNION JACKS WERE BANNED.



SHERE: THE MEMORIAL SERVICE AT THE SURREY VILLAGE ON ARMISTICE DAY, ATTENDED BY THE VETERAN WAR HORSE, DIAMOND, WHO SERVED OVERSEAS AND RETURNED HOME WOUNDED.



PORTSMOUTH: ARMISTICE DAY CELEBRATED AT THE GREAT NAVAL PORT, WHERE THE LORD MAYOR ATTENDED THE REMEMBRANCE SERVICE IN GUILDFORD SQUARE AND THE BISHOP OF PORTSMOUTH PRONOUNCED THE BLESSING—THE SCENE OUTSIDE THE TOWN HALL.



ETON COLLEGE: THE TWO MINUTES SILENCE OBSERVED ON ARMISTICE DAY IN THE SCHOOL YARD, WHERE THE BOYS OF THE SCHOOL ASSEMBLED: THE NEW HEADMASTER, MR. C. A. ELLIOTT (LEFT) ON THE STEPS OF CHAPEL.



OXFORD: THE SERVICE AT THE CITY WAR MEMORIAL IN ST. GILES, ATTENDED BY OXFORD'S FIRST WOMAN MAYOR, MAKING HER FIRST APPEARANCE IN AN OFFICIAL CAPACITY.

The fifteenth anniversary of the signing of the Armistice was celebrated on November 11 in every town and village of Great Britain, throughout the Empire, and in British communities in many lands. Simple ceremonies were conducted in memory of those who died in the Great War, and the Two Minutes Silence at eleven o'clock was universally observed. On other pages we illustrate the scenes at the Cenotaph in Whitehall, the national monument to the fallen, and in other parts of London; here we show examples of

the celebrations in the provinces—by town, by country, and by sea in Great Britain and Ireland. The Duke and Duchess of York, attended by the Secretary for Scotland (Sir Godfrey Collins), took part in the Armistice commemoration in Edinburgh at the Stone of Remembrance, the Duke placing a wreath from the King on the Cenotaph. Later their Royal Highnesses attended a commemoration service in St. Giles Cathedral, and visited the Field of Remembrance in Princes Street Gardens, where poppies and crosses

were laid.—Ten thousand ex-Servicemen assembled in Dublin for the parade to Phoenix Park, where the Silence was observed at the temporary Cenotaph erected near the Wellington Monument. The ceremony was not marred by any such scenes of disorder as have been frequent in former years. By agreement with the Government, no Union Jacks, but only British Legion banners, were carried in the march to Phoenix Park. Poppies were sold in large numbers and were worn freely.—The commemoration in Belfast was

held in the Garden of Remembrance at the City Hall. Wreaths were placed on the Cenotaph by the Lord Mayor, Sir Crawford McCullough, on behalf of the citizens, and also on behalf of the Prime Minister (Lord Craigavon) and the Services.—At Bristol, Flanders poppies were distributed by over 200 sellers; and the civic dignitaries, among a large crowd, attended a service at the war memorial.—Services were held at Leeds at the war memorial, in the parish church, the University, the infirmary, and elsewhere.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

AN old friend of mine, who happens also to be a very distinguished man of letters, recently addressed to me a sort of challenge. I think it right to reply to it here; I also think it right to explain why I could not reply to it at the more obvious place and time which he had named, quite in the true spirit of the duel. It concerned the criticism of Mr. Belloc's recent book on Charles the First; and my friend the critic was very much grieved, nay, he actually said that he was "shocked," because Mr. Belloc had taken the "pre-Carlylean" view of Oliver Cromwell. My friend the critic is a highly emancipated, not to say sceptical, critic; and I confess it comes to me as a slight surprise to learn that he can be "shocked" by anything. But I ought to have known that what Carlyle called hero-worship is much more idolatrous than image-worship; and a modern man may mock at angels and archangels and the whole company of heaven, and still be shy enough to blush at the mention of scandal about Queen Elizabeth or warts on the portrait of Cromwell.

First, may I explain that I did not deal with this matter on the previous occasion, when I had an opportunity of dealing with it, because I was using that opportunity to deal with something else, which I think should be dealt with first. It is very simply this; that I think it is a mistake at the start to treat a book like Mr. Belloc's book on Charles the First as part of the old party see-saw between Charles the First and Cromwell. Mr. Belloc is a man with ideas, just as Mr. H. G. Wells is a man with ideas. I think it would have been a great pity if the public had been warned off all Mr. Wells's books because the libraries had stuck on to them a stupid red label to say he was a "Socialist." I also think it a great pity that people should miss the independent and individual ideas of Mr. Belloc because a number of stupid reviewers label his books "partisan," by which they mean "Papist." There are a number of fresh and interesting ideas in Wells which are not only of interest to Socialists; and there are a number of fresh and interesting ideas in Belloc which are not only of interest to Papists. I think it a pity that the public should lose all this intellectual interest merely because the public has not actually been converted either to Papism or Socialism. Otherwise we shall come to the rather dismal conclusion that it is dangerous to read anybody with any convictions of any kind. Certainly in that sense Mr. Belloc is partisan; so are his critics partisan; that is why they object to his partisanship. But if they mean that he is an ordinary good Party Man, of the Tory or Royalist Party, only saying what all the Cavaliers have always said—then they simply have not read his book or are lying about it. The book is much more important in relation to certain views of international politics, of the idea of taxation, and the growth of England into a great European Power, than in relation to the old romance of Cavalier and Roundhead. That is why I postponed what must be, in effect, a mere sequel to the romance of Cavalier and Roundhead; the ten-thousandth comparison between Cromwell and Charles the First. Mr. Belloc does not like Cromwell; but it is not the point of his book that he does not like Cromwell. It is the point of his book that Monarchy was destroyed in England, in spite of the fact that Monarchy was in some ways more modern, and trying to make the modern centralised and powerful State, with its vast revenue, expenditure, and taxes. But I am quite willing to take up the personal point about Cromwell, if my friend the critic wishes me to do so.

To begin with, I might agree with his case, but I cannot agree with his argument. For it

seems to me that the critic blames us, not so much for condemning Cromwell as for contradicting Carlyle. Cromwell's personal history is extremely long and complicated, and I am not enough of a historical student, especially about this period, to have tested all the steps of the story as told by Carlyle or told by Belloc. But there is one period I could not help studying; and that is the period in which I grew up; the Victorian period, the end of the period of Carlyle. I am an outsider about the seventeenth century, but I was born an insider about the nineteenth century; and I know all about the phases to which my critic refers, including the wild enthusiasm for Carlyle, which demanded also the wild (but also tame) enthusiasm for Cromwell. I know all about the people who were "shocked"

back to them with piety, they would not now prevent me from thinking what I like about Oliver Cromwell—or about Thomas Carlyle.

For when my friend the critic used the phrase, "a pre-Carlylean view of Cromwell," he was using a language that does not apply to the case. We cannot talk about pre-Carlylean history as we might talk about pre-Copernican astronomy. Carlyle was not an objective scientific historian who discovered a set of solid facts about Cromwell that nobody had known before. He was a highly romantic and imaginative writer who chose to invest the facts which everybody knew with a certain colour and glamour, which may have been a real vision or revelation of a great and misunderstood personality, or may have been a mere illusion of one remaking a dead person in his own image and according to his own imagination. Now, frankly, I do not know whether Cromwell was as crafty and calculating as Mr. Belloc makes out; but the very phrase "pre-Carlylean" shows that a good many other people had the same impression as Mr. Belloc, including a very large number of people who actually lived in the period and actually knew the man. I would not discount all that evidence altogether because of the imaginative impression of Carlyle, for I fancy that Carlyle's imaginative impressions were very imaginative indeed. Also I know that Carlyle really was partisan, if anybody was ever partisan. He belonged to the eager group of Froude and Freeman and Kingsley and the rest, whose whole purpose on earth was to prove that England became great after the Reformation through the moral greatness of Puritanism; and he also had his own particular Nordic battle-axe to grind; the theory that the Strong Man over-riding formulas and constitutions is always the saviour of society.

There is one further fact that makes me doubt the Carlylean view of Cromwell; and that is that Carlyle went on afterwards to apply the same method to Frederick the Great. Now, Cromwell had queer strains in him, quite distinct from the cunning described by Belloc or the common sense described by Carlyle; a vein of hysteria; a vein of real but

intermittent religion; even a vein of rather unpleasant buffoonery. As a post-Carlylean writer, as a post-Bellocian writer, I still have my doubts about Cromwell. But I have no doubts at all about Frederick the Great. There Carlyle poured out all the torrential fountains of his fancy on a figure that is actually as dry as a skeleton; there he threw all his romantic genius into making a romance about the most unromantic, the most unchivalrous, the most utterly ungenerous and inhuman stick in human history; there he piled up volume after volume of a "Life" designed somehow to make living a man whose soul was as nearly dead as is possible to the immortal soul of man. He did it to please the Prussians. At least he did it to support that Prussian pressure which was already coming upon the world, and of which the unnatural militarism and materialism somehow appaled to his idolatry of the image in iron. But since Carlyle could apply the same transfiguring fancy to a stark and sterile cynic like Frederick the Second of Prussia, I am not prepared to trust him altogether, even about a more mixed, muddled, and perhaps morbid personality like Oliver Cromwell of Huntingdon. What

was the matter with Carlyle, I think, was that he believed whatever he wanted to believe. He thus escaped mere hypocrisy; but it is a very dangerous form of faith.



THE PRINCE OF WALES IN THE FLOOD-LIT FIELD OF REMEMBRANCE, WHERE HE PLANTED A CROSS AND A POPPY: PAUSING TO READ A RECORD OF THE FALLEN.



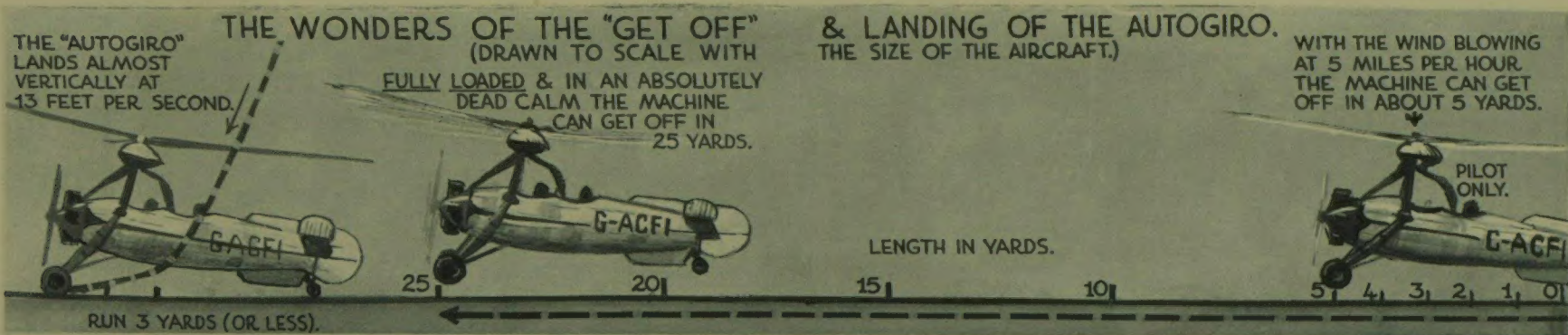
FOLLOWING THE PRINCE'S EXAMPLE: MEMBERS OF THE PUBLIC GATHERED AFTER DARK TO PLANT POPPIES IN THE FLOOD-LIT FIELD OF REMEMBRANCE OUTSIDE WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

On the evening of Armistice Day, November 11, the Prince of Wales visited the Field of Remembrance, outside Westminster Abbey, and planted a cross and a poppy among the many which had already been placed there during the day. On a large poppy cross dominating the enclosure had been placed an original page from the "Times" containing the casualty lists of November 11, 1916. The names were those of 49 officers and 2400 other ranks killed or wounded. After the Cenotaph ceremony in the morning, 150 disabled ex-Service men, employed at the British Legion Poppy Factory, marched to the Field of Remembrance and planted crosses in memory of Lord Haig and of their comrades at the factory who had died from war wounds while employed there.

by anybody who ignored Carlyle and his view of Cromwell. They were my pastors and masters, my aunts and uncles, my friends and fathers in culture and philosophy. But, though I hope I look

A 'PLANE THAT CAN LAND IN A TENNIS COURT: THE AUTOGIRO "ARRIVES."

Drawings by our Special Artist, G. H. Davis.



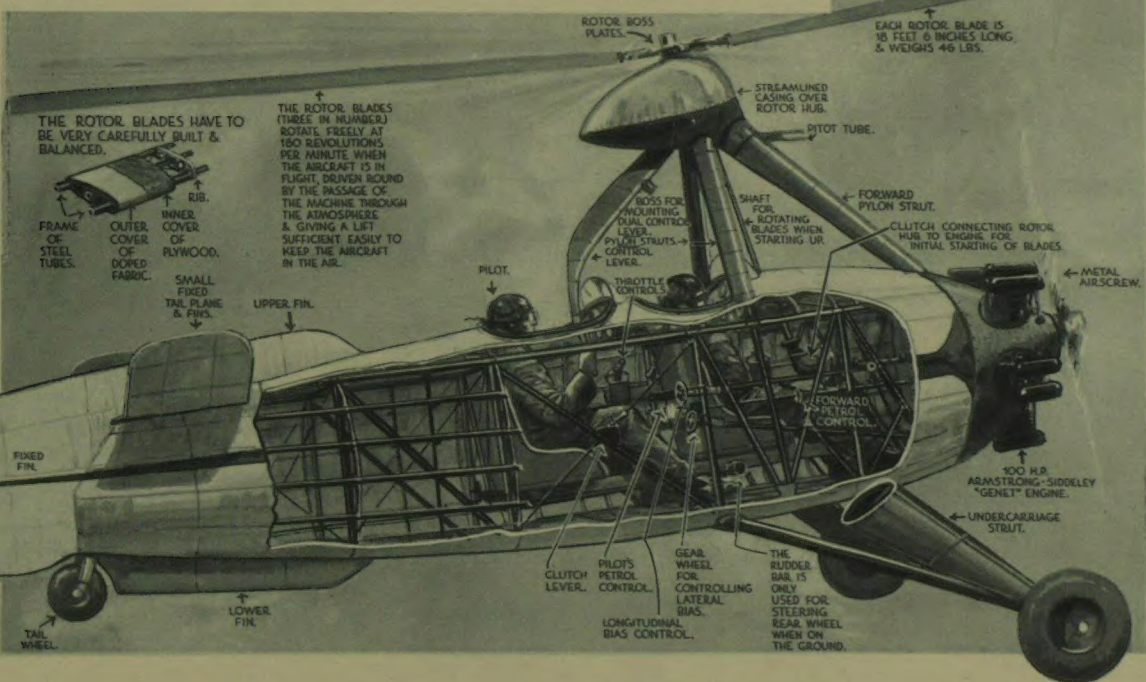
AN AEROPLANE THAT CAN LAND IN A TENNIS COURT AND CAN TAKE OFF, FULLY LOADED AND IN A DEAD CALM, IN TWENTY-FIVE YARDS: THE AUTOGIRO WHICH IS EXPECTED TO BE AVAILABLE TO THE PUBLIC BY NEXT APRIL AT £1200 OR LESS.

AFTER tests carried out at Hanworth on November 8, it was announced that the Autogiro without fixed wings, elevators, or rudder should be available to the public by April next. This type of machine, fully illustrated by us in our issue of May 6 last and now equipped with a more powerful engine, has passed definitely out of the experimental stage and is to be put on the market at a price probably not greater than £1200. The new engine is of 140 h.p., and the machine is now capable of a top speed of nearly 120 miles an hour and a lowest speed of fifteen miles an hour. Control is obtained in this model simply by tilting the rotors, the effect of which is to alter the line of lift in relation to the centre of gravity. Of particular interest is its method of landing. The machine is brought in at its normal gliding or sinking speed until about ten feet from the ground; then full engine

(Continued below.)



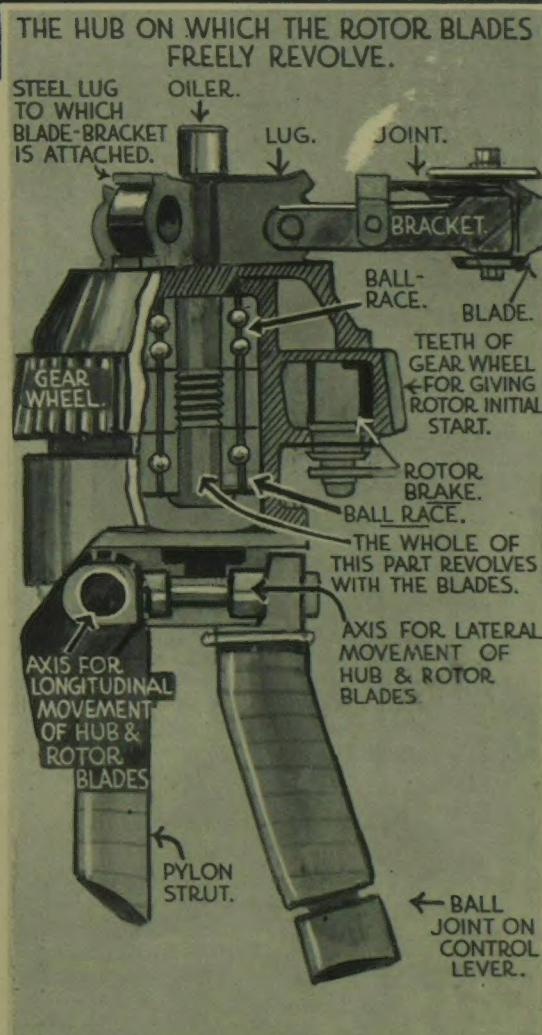
LANDING ON THE TAIL FIRST, THE FRONT WHEELS THEN FLOPPING DOWN TO THE GROUND WITH SCARCELY ANY FORWARD MOTION; THE WHOLE MANŒUVRE BEING DONE AT A WALKING-PACE UNDER PERFECT CONTROL.



THE AEROPLANE WITHOUT WINGS, AILERONS, ELEVATORS, OR RUDDER: A DIAGRAM OF SEÑOR DE LA CIERVA'S SINGLE-CONTROL AUTOGIRO, IN WHICH THE PILOT HAS ONLY ONE "JOY-STICK" TO MANIPULATE—THE MECHANISM EXPLAINED PICTORIALLY.

(Continued.)

is put on with the nose set up at a sharp angle. As soon as the tail wheel touches the ground, the engine is shut off, the under-carriage wheels flop down, and the machine scarcely moves forward at all. This method, however, is not necessary in normal circumstances. The machine is a two-seater with open cockpit. It is almost automatically stable, and has an advantage in cloud flying because there is only one control lever, and if that is central the machine must be flying straight. It has a range of three hours.



HOW THE ROTOR BLADES WORK; GIVING FORWARD MOVEMENT AND LIFT, AND DETERMINING DIRECTION: A DIAGRAM OF THE HUB.

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF BATS' EARS.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

THE twilight hours of the past summer and autumn, in the country at any rate, were very precious. Never before have they given me such intense satisfaction: I had almost said rapturous enjoyment. For, apart from the stillness and coolness, they brought with them creatures which shun the glare of the noonday sun. They venture out at this time not so much because they could find no food in the daylight hours, but because they have become adjusted to hunting prey which does not take wing until after sunset; prey mainly composed of beetles and moths. And this pursuit they will continue from sunset to dawn. Occasionally bats may be seen hawking at midday, and we may surmise that such occasions follow nights when food has been scarce.



1. A BAT WITH EARS ALMOST AS LONG AS ITS BODY: THE HEAD OF *PLECOTUS AURITUS*, A COMMON ENGLISH SPECIES MUCH ENLARGED.

The photograph shows clearly the tongue-shaped "tragus" at the base of the ear. Apparently, these ears serve not only as organs of hearing, but to pick up vibrations in the air reflected from obstacles in the bat's path. They are closely associated with its preference for hunting amid trees.

Photograph by Hermann Fischer. Reproduced from the Photographic Annual, "Das Deutsche Lichtbild," Published by Robert and Bruno Schultz, Berlin, W.9.

There are hosts of these creatures which, at least as adults, and commonly even in their larval stages, have never seen the sun! The man of science calls them "negatively heliotropic." But this label carries no explanation. We have yet to discover what brought them to this pass.

But let me revert to the bats. Since most of their food has to be seized in mid-air, one would have supposed that daylight was essential to such hunting. The bat, however, achieves the seemingly impossible. Owing to nocturnal habits, the eyes have become reduced to the size of pin-heads. With this decline in sight, however, there grew up a new means of finding and seizing prey, though we are still baffled as to the true nature and source of this mysterious and marvellous direction-finder.

There seems good reason to believe that the ears have acquired a new function, that of touch, as well as hearing. In the carnivores, long stiff bristles around the muzzle have taken on this tactile function. But here it serves merely as a guide to obstacles in the immediate neighbourhood of the head when sight fails them. The bat's ears seem to be much more sensitive, and able to locate objects at a distance from the body before actual contact is possible. They seem, in short, able to pick up vibrations in the air and the close proximity of solid objects. We ourselves, "feeling our way in the dark," can generally perceive, in some such way, when we are approaching

a wall or other solid mass before we can touch it. I remember years ago watching a bat catching flies in the porch of a church. Its gyrations were marvellous. It would seem to be making headlong for the wall or the roof, at such speed as to make a collision inevitable. Nevertheless, not once did it fail to clear. No bird could ever have careered about at such speed and in so small a space. We generally miss the mystery and the wonder of such feats because we are content to note, and then only half-consciously, that "the bats can do that kind of thing"!

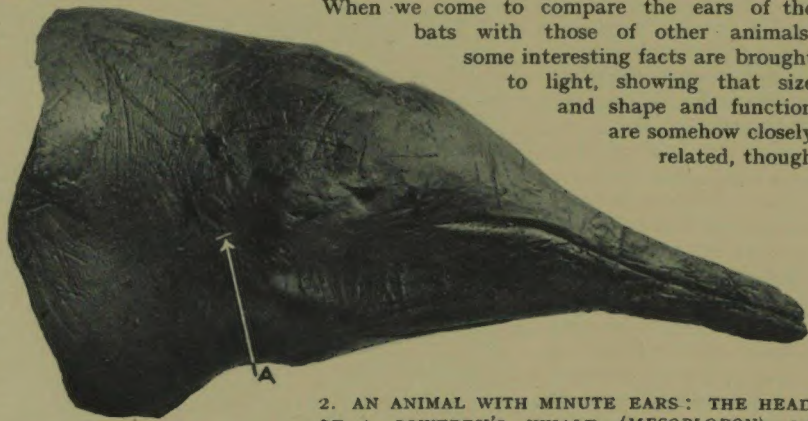
The astonishing picture of the head of a long-eared bat (*Plecotus auritus*) — a common British species — the finest I have ever seen, seems to lend ample support to the commonly accepted belief that the sense of touch in these creatures is located in the ears. In all our bats the ears are conspicuously large, but by comparison those of the long-eared bat are enormous — nearly, indeed, as long as the whole body. Now, it is interesting and, indeed, significant to note that it hunts very largely amid the foliage of trees, picking off insects resting on the leaves, and even, it would seem, coming to rest at times to enjoy an unusually plentiful board. The great size, then, of these ears is probably an adjustment to the particular mode of hawking for moths and other insects.

Within the tubular portion of the ear, at its base, a long, tongue-shaped membrane will be seen. This is known as the "tragus," and it differs in shape in every species of bat. In the noctule and Leisler's bat it may be described as kidney-shaped; and in all the species of the genus *Myotis* it has the same general shape, but is never so large, relatively, as in the long-eared bat of the genus *Plecotus*. But on account of this general resemblance, and for other reasons, we may regard them all as nearly related.

What is the function of the "tragus"? At present we do not know. But it is to be noted that the long-eared bat, alone among its tribe, is able, when resting suspended head-downwards after the manner of bats, to fold the large outer ear close down to the body under the wings, leaving the tongue-shaped tragus projecting like two small spikes. Is the sense of touch and sound, on such occasions,

transferred from the large, tubular ear to this accessory portion? The greater and lesser horse-shoe bats show yet another modification of this "tragus." For herein it takes the form of a broad lobe of no great height. There seems to be nothing peculiar in the habits of these two that would account for such a conspicuous difference as between the rest of our bats in this matter of the tragus.

When we come to compare the ears of the bats with those of other animals, some interesting facts are brought to light, showing that size and shape and function are somehow closely related, though

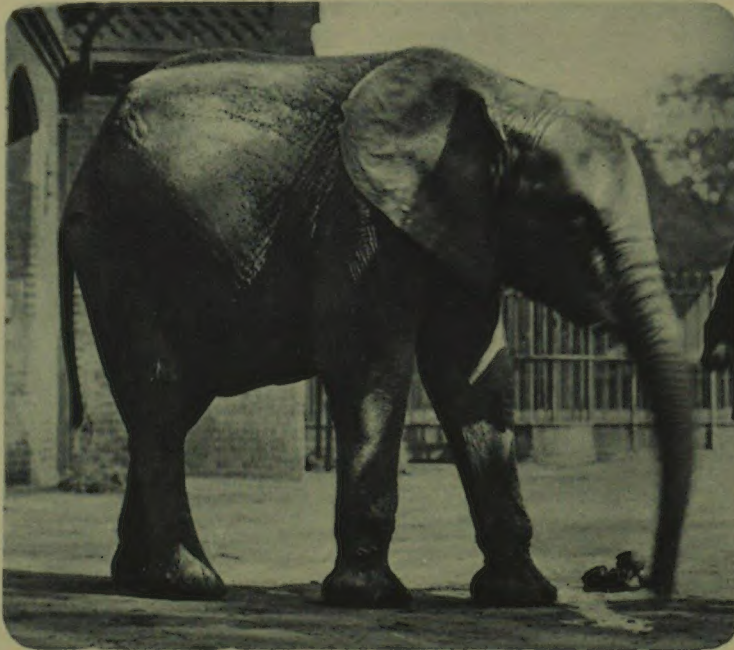


2. AN ANIMAL WITH MINUTE EARS: THE HEAD OF A SOWERBY'S WHALE (*MESOPLODON*), IN WHICH THE APERTURE OF THE EXTERNAL EAR HAS BEEN REDUCED TO AN ALMOST MICROSCOPIC SIZE — BEING BARELY LARGE ENOUGH TO ALLOW A BRISTLE TO BE PASSED DOWN IT (4).

this relation is by no means always apparent. We cannot, for example, explain the characteristic peculiarities in the size and shape of human ears. For these display curious individual idiosyncrasies. In the higher apes, the ear is very like the human ear. But, while it is almost aggressively large in the chimpanzee, it is as conspicuously small in the orang. So far, these differences have not been correlated with habits or habitat.

The ears of the elephants are difficult to account for satisfactorily, especially when we come to consider the enormous flaps of skin which constitute the ears of the African elephant, wherein they may attain to a length of over 5 ft. and a width of 4 ft. No other animal can compare with this. If they merely serve as sound-collectors, why are those of the Indian species relatively small? When charging, in both types, the ears are made to stand straight out on either side of the head. They may thus produce a terrifying effect; but what other function have they?

Burrowing animals, on the one hand, and aquatic species on the other, have either very small ears or have lost them altogether. And here we can connect size and shape with the mode of life. Their gradual suppression is always associated with "streamlining." Projecting ears in a mole or a whale would, in each type, interfere with this. And in both types, it is to be noted, the loss of the external ear has been accompanied by a reduction in the size of the external aperture of the ear which leads to the actual organ of hearing within the skull. In the whale tribe this aperture is of such minute size that, in the porpoises and dolphins at least, it has to be sought with a lens. And, as I know by experience, one can only make sure that the aperture has been found by thrusting a bristle down this minute hole, such as is seen, for example, in the head of Sowerby's whale (*Mesoplodon*), Fig. 2. What function does this aperture serve? Can whales hear? I should imagine that there can be no sounds under water; but this minute passage may convey vibrations which would be the equivalent of sound. Much the same must, I think, be true of the moles, in which also there is no "ear-conch" for collecting sound, and only a minute aperture leading to the inner ear. And this is no less true of the mole-like rodents.

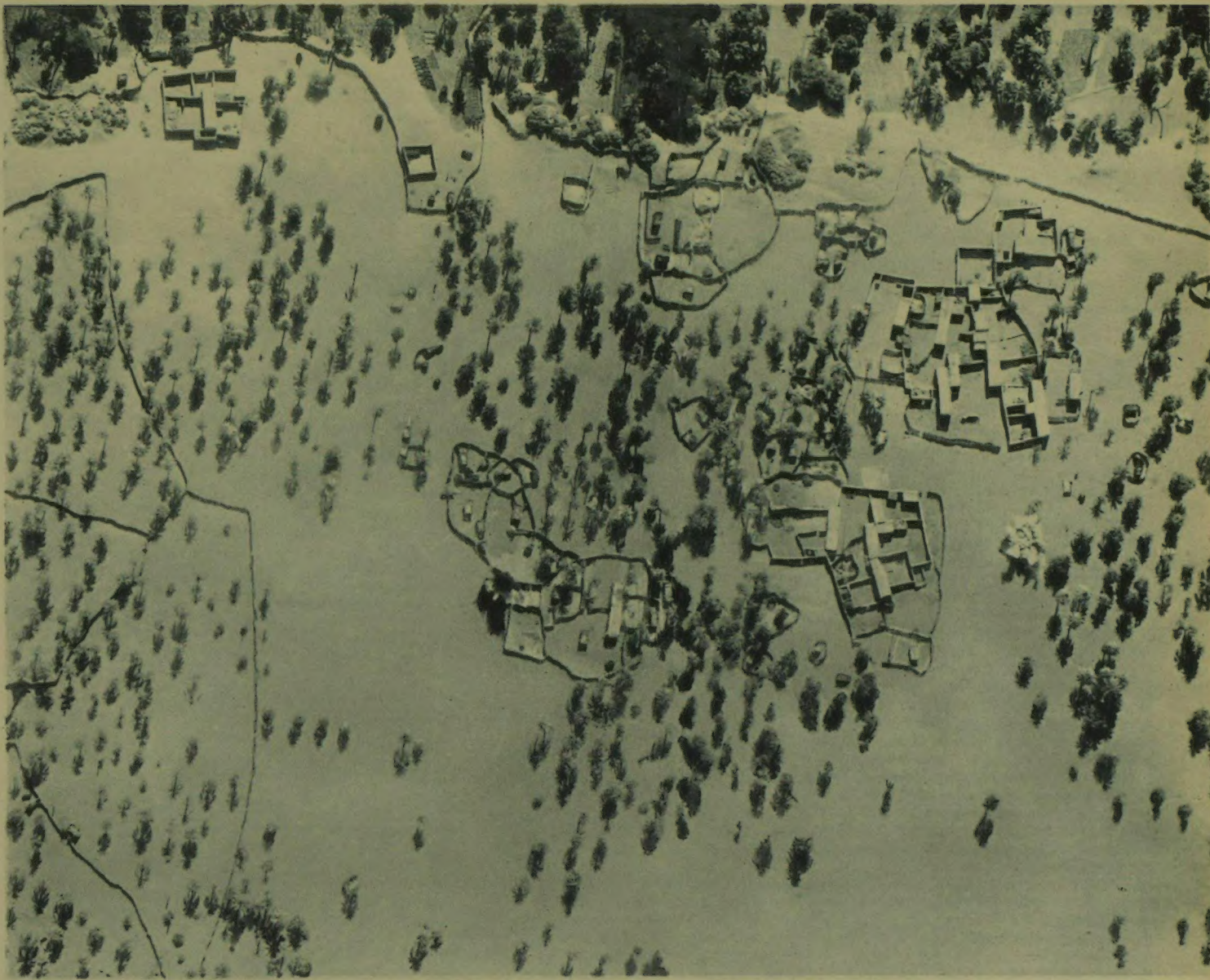


3. THE AFRICAN ELEPHANT, WHICH, AFTER THE LONG-EARED BAT, HAS RELATIVELY THE LARGEST EARS OF ALL LIVING ANIMALS: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THEIR GREAT EXTENT—5 FT. LONG AND 4 FT. IN WIDTH IN SOME CASES.

The size and shape of the ear differs much when animals from isolated parts of Africa are compared. The ears of the Indian elephant, though also large, never approach those of the African in size. There is, as yet, no clue to this curious difference.

NOT MISSISSIPPI FLOODS, BUT OCEANS OF SAND! LIBYAN AIR VIEWS.

ONE of the most curious effects of air photography, which shows the earth's surface in unfamiliar aspects, is to make the sands of a desert look like an expanse of water; and, as pointed out above, these photographs taken from an aeroplane flying over North Africa resemble nothing so much as floods caused by the overflowing of some great river, such as the Yangtse or the Mississippi, or similar scenes on a smaller scale in the valley of the Thames. These particular photographs were taken by Mme. Marie Edith de Bonneuil during a flight from Benghazi, in Cyrenaica, to the oasis of Kufra in the Libyan Desert (illustrated in our issue of October 7). On the way a descent was made at Djalo, and the travellers had lunch in "the white crenellated citadel." The vision of Kufra from the air is thus described: "Amid the rose-coral sand is an 'archipelago' of oasis merging into patches, of green. Between them, the blue sky seems to sleep in the waters of three vast lakes bordered with white efflorescence. Above it all, in shimmering golden light, El Tag ('The Crown'), the Senussi city, stands on its hill and spreads its fanaticism over the desert. From a 'Vatican' of the Senussi, Kufra has become a Libyan 'Gibraltar.' To-day, as an advanced Saharan watch-tower, commanding the routes of half a continent, Kufra is one of the landing-grounds for aviation over the Sahara."



NOT UNLIKE A FLOODED AREA IN THE THAMES VALLEY, WITH HOUSES, WALLS, AND TREES APPARENTLY ISLANDED IN AN EXPANSE OF WATER: IN REALITY, A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FROM AN AEROPLANE ABOVE THE OASIS OF KUFRA, IN THE LIBYAN DESERT.



A SCENE SUGGESTING VAST INUNDATIONS ON THE YANGTSE OR THE MISSISSIPPI: A PANORAMIC AIR VIEW OF DJALO, ON THE WAY FROM CYRENAICA TO THE OASIS OF KUFRA, WITH STRETCHES OF SAND LOOKING JUST LIKE FLOOD-WATER.

THE GREAT UNKNOWN.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"MAJOR MYSTERIES OF SCIENCE": By H. GORDON GARBEDIAN.*

(PUBLISHED BY SELWYN AND BLOUNT.)

"LET knowledge grow from more to more": it has done so, at an ever-accelerating pace, and the faster it has grown, the more it has led us to the supreme lesson of knowledge—the lesson of ignorance. The confident dogmas of a system of "science" which is still within living memory are discarded one by one. The heresies of one age, it has been said, are the platitudes of the next; but it is equally true that the platitudes of to-day are the absurdities of to-morrow. Every moment we learn that we know nothing, can be sure of nothing; and, driven always farther and farther from the fantastic imaginings which saw man as the centre of the universe, we learn the salutary lesson of our own illimitable unimportance. (A hard lesson for us in the West, who are so tenacious of "identity," though the East learned it long ago.) "Human beings," writes Mr. Garbedian, "do not make up a major division or even a subdivision in Dr. Shapley's cosmic plan. Man is pigeon-holed within a parenthetical subdivision in the class of jelly-like, semi-solid substances. Yet man, less than a speck in the majestic cathedral of creation in terms of physical size and energy content, has gained a new dignity and significance: The mind that can read the life histories of stars, fathom amazing depths of space, and reveal the innermost secrets about the origin and ultimate destiny of the celestial drama, may prove to be, after all, more wonderful than all that it sees at the other end of the telescope or microscope. Dr. Shapley does not write 'Finis' at the end of his universal survey. He believes that science must keep open a last division as 'a confession of ignorance and a confession of faith,' to be filled in only when man has completed his toilsome march through the jungles of ignorance. It is not amiss to suggest, he says, that the proper term to fill in may be the letters that spell the magic word M-I-N-D." The illusion is pleasing; but there is no ground for thinking that Mind, marvellous though it is, and little though we understand it, has any more cosmic significance than the "speck" which is physical man; and so our utmost "confession of faith" comes back to "confession of ignorance." It is, after all, something achieved to know what we do not know.

Nevertheless, it is a thing of infinite fascination to consider man, as he now is, in relation to a speculative

far from being "governed by the irrefragable laws of nature," seem to know no laws at all.) "Death," says Dr. Carrel, "is apparently the price we pay for brains, for the flesh seems to be immortal, but brains are lethal and doomed to kill their possessor in the end." Perhaps man will not always submit to this humiliating penalty for intelligence; having discovered that life is principally electricity, he may learn to manipulate the switchboard. Not a few biologists of repute see, within a measurable



THE ANCESTOR OF THE WHALE: ONE OF THE MOST FANTASTIC AMONG THE PREHISTORIC CREATURES OF THE EARTH. (FROM A PAINTING BY CHARLES R. KNIGHT.)

distance of time, a man-of-the-future whose achievement will surpass anything which we now imagine possible.

Meanwhile, achievement is already remarkable for a mere fragment of "jelly-like, semi-solid substance." No need—since we hear of them every day—to rehearse the marvels of the machine. "Power is the King of modern civilisation," writes Mr. Garbedian—and not always a benevolent despot. Within the next century, when the question of coal and oil may become acute, it is almost certain that man will develop new sources of power which at present we can only guess at. While the engineer is harnessing the universe, the chemist is pulling it to pieces, reducing all creation to ninety-two chemical elements or kinds of atoms. Having grasped the sorry scheme of things entire, he is busily remoulding it nearer to the heart's desire. "Dr. Herbert Levinstein has gone so far as to predict before the Society of Chemical Industry in England that we are about to hail the opening of a synthetic age when there will be no more coal, when energy will be generated by man-made fuels, and when food, raiment, and nine-tenths of society's needs will be supplied by the chemical factory." Much depends on the

recalcitrant atom. Assaults upon it grow more and more determined—one young enthusiast (who, *pace* Mr. Garbedian, we believe to be of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and not of Princeton University) is attacking it with one-and-a-half million volts of electricity. And then—"once the secret of the atom is laid bare, who knows what new vistas may be revealed? One element changed into another on a commercial scale, bringing full realisation of the dreams of the mediæval alchemists; energy in quantities beyond the dreams of scientific fiction; the solution of the cosmic ray problem; perhaps new light on the meaning of human life and immortality . . . the constitution of the sun and the stars at last discovered; perhaps the story of the beginning and the end of the cosmos unfolded, and the chaos that now characterises our notions of the nature of matter supplanted by understanding—these are a few of the outstanding developments which may come if science's attack on the fortress of the atom is crowned with victory." Brave little atom! Well has it been called mighty.

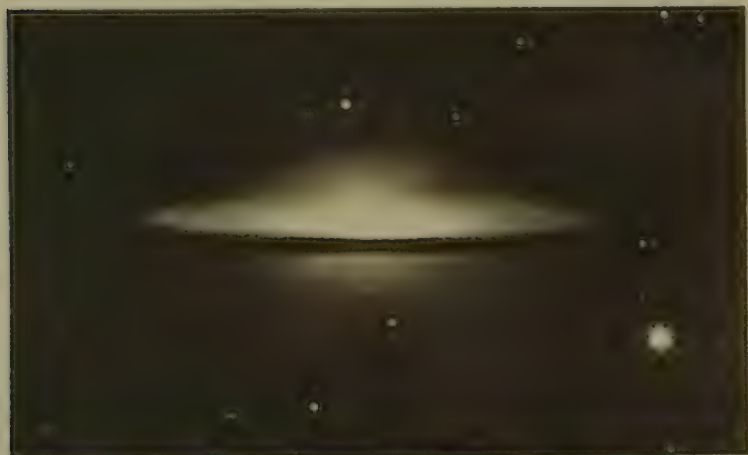
But there is much to explore besides the atom, much that accentuates what Eddington calls "the desperate ignorance" of physicists. "It is very strange, but nevertheless true, that we know more about the centre of the sun and stars, hundreds of millions of miles away, than we do about the centre of our own little globe, whose diameter is only 8000 miles." "Our oceans," writes a distinguished scientist, "are almost unknown"; and yet "the ocean may hold the key to such profound riddles as the birth of our earth, the origin of human life, and the future of our globe and its inhabitants." We have not even covered

the surface of our own globe, of which some ten million square miles are almost entirely unknown to us. We know that there are cosmic rays ceaselessly bombarding us, penetrating all obstacles which we have yet opposed to them, and in all probability profoundly affecting our whole lives; but we do not know what they are, nor exactly what part they are playing in the great pattern. Of the thing which lives with us always and actuates us and is our greatest instrument—the thing which we call Mind—we have learned next to nothing throughout the centuries; still less have we learned the secret of the great, all-pervading force which converts protoplasm into the myriad forms of Life.

Beyond all lie the vastnesses which we have now come to think of not as one stupendous universe, but as a series of stupendous universes, multiplying themselves indefinitely—in short, infinity, as nearly as human reason can imagine it. Mr. Garbedian devotes the last section of his volume to recent speculations about the cosmos, and sets them

forth in a simple form which detracts nothing from their fascination. Here, as in all the discussions to which widely-read physicists have accustomed us, imagination falters, and we stand dumbfounded not only at the immensities which are opened up, but at the human ingenuity which has succeeded in grasping even the alphabet of them. Even though it can lead only to further vistas of the incomprehensible, it seems certain that much more knowledge is within our range, will soon be ours, and will constantly grow. Shall we read in it our own fate? Already we see a sun burning itself out in reckless waste of energy, and an earth which seems destined to become uninhabitable, as it was aforetime—perhaps destined to draw back to itself its satellite in one last catastrophic collision. Shall we then see with certainty, as some believe they already see, a universe radiating itself away to destruction in strict accordance with the Second Law of Thermodynamics (which, however, we suspect may lack the authority

[Continued on page 830]



THE SPIRAL NEBULA N.G.C. 4565 IN THE CONSTELLATION OF COMA BERENICES: A UNIVERSE IN EMBRYO—AS OUR OWN UNIVERSE MAY HAVE LOOKED MILLIONS OF YEARS AGO FROM A SPOT MILLIONS OF LIGHT-YEARS AWAY.

past and future. He is older—according to some of the more recent theories mentioned in this book—than was once supposed; he may have been more than a million years—this "jelly-like, semi-solid substance"—on an earth which (again according to recent suggestions) is more than two thousand million years old. He is an evolutionary type, though his descent may not have been exactly as Darwin conceived it; possibly two branches of men and apes—hominidæ and simidæ—grew from one common stem of primates. He continues, we are assured, to improve with age, like good wine. His character, person, powers—in short, his very self—are chiefly in his glands, chemical storehouses which he is gradually learning to understand and to control. He is not necessarily condemned to death; experimenters declare that his "cells and tissues are potentially immortal," and incline to think that the causes of decay and dissolution, which at present elude science, may be mere preventable accidents. (In that respect they resemble innumerable phenomena which,



THE "HORSE-HEAD NEBULA"—PART OF THE GREAT NEBULA OF ORION: ONE OF THE MILLIONS OF ISLAND UNIVERSES COMPARABLE WITH, THOUGH SMALLER THAN, OUR OWN GALAXY, OF WHICH THE SOLAR SYSTEM IS A MINUTE CONSTITUENT.

The clouds of dark matter in this nebula, blotting out its light, take on a strange shape reminiscent of a horse's head.

Reproductions by Courtesy of Selwyn and Blount, Publishers of "Major Mysteries of Science."

* "Major Mysteries of Science." By H. Gordon Garbedian. With seventy-seven illustrations. (Selwyn and Blount; 18s. net.)



EARLY INSTRUCTION IN MODERN FASHION-DESIGN AS A STEP TO A PROFESSION: A DRAWING CLASS IN THE ISMET PASHA GIRLS' INSTITUTE AT ANGORA.

THE EMANCIPATION OF TURKISH WOMEN: ART CAREERS SINCE DOFFING THE VEIL.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KURT AND MARGOT LUBINSKI. (SEE ILLUSTRATIONS ON THE NEXT TWO PAGES.)



TYPES OF THE FIRST TURKISH DANCING GIRLS, NOW PREFERRED ON THE TURKISH STAGE TO THE ARMENIANS AND FOREIGNERS FORMERLY EMPLOYED: A GROUP WITH THEIR BALLET MASTER, DJELAL BEY.



TURKEY'S BEAUTY QUEEN STARRING IN THE FIRST TURKISH "TALKIE": FORIKA TENGHIK IN A LOVE-SCENE WITH THE FILM-ACTOR ECUBEST BEHZAT.



MIXED CLASSES IN DRAWING FROM THE NUDE—AN INNOVATION STILL RARE IN TURKEY: STUDENTS OF BOTH SEXES AT THE MODERN ACADEMY OF ART IN ISTANBUL.

"The abolition of the veil," says a commentator on these photographs, "caused the evolution of woman in Turkey to a modern individual. Her life has received new meaning since she acquired the right to enter careers formerly beyond her reach. Her liberation from the harem has effected a far-reaching change in public life throughout Turkey. The Ismet Pasha Girls' Institute was founded in Angora to give preparatory training for a profession. With its classes for fashion-drawing and millinery, it

[Continued opposite.

THE emancipation of women has been a great feature of social life in Turkey under the Republic, which recently celebrated its tenth anniversary. Nowadays all the arts are open to them, and girls are trained on modern lines to earn their own living.

[Continued below on left.



THE MODERN TURKISH WOMAN BEFORE THE MICROPHONE: A GIRL HARPIST, OF THE NEW ACADEMY OF MUSIC AT ANGORA, PLAYING IN A BROADCAST CONCERT.



THE FIRST TURKISH ACTRESS—A PROFESSION FORBIDDEN TO WOMEN BY THE KORAN, AND AT ONE TIME RESTRICTED IN TURKEY TO ARMENIANS: NEVIRE NEYR (THE WIFE OF THE LEADING TURKISH FILM-DIRECTOR) TAKING PART IN A TRAGI-COMIC SCENE.

is the most modern school for women in the East. Formerly no Turkish woman or girl was permitted to take up either dancing or acting. Only Armenian women appeared in public in this capacity. To-day the conditions are reversed: Turkish women artists are in great demand." On the next two pages we illustrate other phases of feminine progress in Turkey, notably in education.

FROM HAREM TO JUDICIAL BENCH: THE TURKISH WOMAN'S AMAZING PROGRESS IN A DECADE OF REPUBLICAN FREEDOM.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KURT AND MARGOT LUBINSKI. (SEE ILLUSTRATIONS ON THE PRECEDING PAGE.)



CO-EDUCATION AND HYGIENE PRACTISED IN A TURKISH NATIONAL SCHOOL AT ANGORA: A WOMAN TEACHER HOLDING A PARADE OF PUPILS FOR INSPECTION OF HANDS AND FINGER-NAILS.

IN modern Turkey, which recently celebrated the tenth anniversary of the Republic, and of the election of Ghazi Mustafa Kemal Pasha as its first President, there has been no more astonishing change in social life than the emancipation of women from the old restrictions of the veil and the harem. Under the progressive guidance of the President, Turkish women have abandoned the veil entirely in the cities, while in the villages also it is gradually being discarded. They are now taking an active and successful part in many phases of national affairs, almost to the same extent as their European sisters, and in some respects more so. Although there are women

(Continued below.)



TURKISH GIRLS INSTRUCTED IN THE ART OF MILLINERY WITH A VIEW TO A CAREER: A DEMONSTRATION OF A NEW HAT TO YOUNG PUPILS AT THE ISMET PASHA SCHOOL FOR WOMEN AT ANGORA.

lawyers in this country, for instance, no woman has yet sat on the judicial Bench. Here and on page 799 we illustrate typical examples of the Turkish woman's wonderful advance in freedom, and the modern education of Turkish girls. Among other things, Turkish women are interested in aviation, and, as mentioned in our issue of November 4, under an illustration of the tenth anniversary celebrations, one of the aeroplanes that circled overhead on that occasion was flown by Turkey's first woman pilot. Some interesting comments on the altered position of women



TEACHER AND PUPIL: A SCHOOL PLAYGROUND CONVERSATION THAT IS TYPICAL OF THE COMPLETE MODERNIZATION OF DRESS FOR TURKISH WOMEN AND GIRLS IN THE WORLD OF EDUCATION.



AT A NIGHT SCHOOL FOR TURKISH MARRIED WOMEN AT ANGORA: PEASANT WIVES, WHO COME TO THE CITY ONCE A WEEK FOR INSTRUCTION IN DRESS-MAKING AND MILLINERY, WATCHING A SEWING-MACHINE DEMONSTRATION.



TURKISH COUNTRY-WOMEN IN A TRANSITION STAGE OF COSTUME: UNVEILED, BUT STILL HIDING THE FIGURE AND BRIGHTLY COLOURED DRESSES UNDER A LONG BLACK CLOAK, WHICH CAN BE USED TO COVER THEIR FACES.

In Turkey were made recently by Miss Grace Ellison, an Englishwoman who has an intimate knowledge of that country. Describing modern Angora, she said: "Well-dressed men and women are seen walking together in European clothes, or dancing, playing tennis, or taking their exams in medicine and law side by side. . . . Women are admitted to the universities on equal footing with men. Indeed, my Turkish friends tell me they are more advanced than we are, since they have a postmistress-general and women as judges." Miss Ellison also quoted a conversation she had with Mustafa

(Continued above.)



MODERN METHODS OF PHYSICAL TRAINING FOR TURKISH GIRLS, BUT WITH A TRACE OF OLD-FASHIONED IDEAS REMAINING: A CLASS IN LONG STOCKINGS, STILL CONSIDERED PROPER FOR GROUP EXERCISES.

Kemal himself about his reforms concerning women. "You cannot have a true democracy," he said, "such as we intend to build up, with half the country in bondage. Besides, women have got to take their share in the terrific work of building up this country. Harems, veils, fizes, lattice windows, separation of the sexes, polygamy, and all the nonsense of a retrograde civilisation have got to go. Women are growing to be men's companions and equals, with equal opportunities in education and work, and the nation is going to be built on the solid foundation of a home and not a harem." The President has devoted great energy and enthusiasm to promoting these reforms.



ONE OF THE FIRST TURKISH WOMEN TO BE APPOINTED A JUDGE UNDER THE REPUBLICAN RÉGIME: SUAT IHMI HANIM, IN HER OFFICIAL ROBES, DURING A SESSION OF THE HIGH COURT AT ISTANBUL.



FEMININE WORK IN PUBLIC LIFE IN THE NEW TURKEY: LATİFÉ BEKİR, PRESIDENT OF THE TURKISH WOMEN'S UNION, AND A PIONEER OF WOMEN'S EMANCIPATION, DICTATING TO HER TYPIST AT HER ISTANBUL OFFICE.

THE MURDER OF THE AFGHAN KING: H.M. NADIR SHAH, HIS SON, PROCLAIMED KING; AND HIS CAPITAL, KABUL.



THE NEW KING OF AFGHANISTAN: SO PROCLAIMED IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE MURDER OF HIS FATHER: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN WHILE, AS ZAHIR KHAN, HE WAS AT MACHINE-GUN PRACTICE—A YOUNG PRINCE BORN IN 1914 AND EDUCATED IN PARIS.



KING NADIR SHAH, ASSASSINATED ON NOVEMBER 8: HIS MAJESTY SPEAKING AT THE FOOT OF THE MINAR-I-ISTIQAL AT KABUL ON AFGHANISTAN'S LAST INDEPENDENCE DAY.



AFGHANISTAN "IS IN MOURNING FOR ITS BELOVED KING": KING NADIR SHAH, WHO WAS ELECTED TO THE AFGHAN THRONE IN OCTOBER 1929, SPEAKING ON INDEPENDENCE DAY.



THE NEW KING OF AFGHANISTAN: ZAHIR SHAH, A YOUNG MAN OF NINETEEN, A KEEN SPORTSMAN AND VERY POPULAR WITH THE TRIBESMEN AND THE PEOPLE OF KABUL, WHO HAS ALWAYS DISPLAYED A LEANING TOWARD MILITARY RATHER THAN POLITICAL LIFE.



THE SCENE OF THE ASSASSINATION OF KING NADIR SHAH: KABUL—THE MOST COMPLETE VIEW EVER TAKEN: A MAGNIFICENT PANORAMA OF THE AFGHAN CAPITAL IN ITS PLAIN, CONSTRUCTED, THEIR UNIFORM ROOF

A telegram of November 8 received from Kabul by the Afghan Consulate at Bombay ran as follows: "His Majesty Nadir Shah Ghazi has been made a martyr by his assassination at the hands of a traitor at 3 p.m. to-day. The whole nation is in mourning for its beloved King and has unanimously declared its allegiance to his Majesty Mohamed Zahir Shah, the son of his late Majesty. The country internally is quiet." The death of King Nadir Shah removes from Afghanistan the most steady influence that that

distracted country has had on the throne during the last twenty troubled years. Known as Nadir Khan before he became King, his late Majesty, who was born in 1880, was a member of the old royal family. He made his name as a General, and, as Commander-in-Chief under King Amanullah, took part in the brief Third Afghan War against the British, winning for his forces such success as came the way of the Afghans. In 1929, after the dethronement of King Amanullah, he waged a successful campaign against



NEARLY 7000 FEET ABOVE SEA-LEVEL, WITH BARREN HILLS RISING BEHIND; SHOWING THE LONG FAÇADE OF MODERN BUILDINGS (CENTRE) WHICH THE LATE KING HAD SHINING WHITE IN THE SUN.

the bandit Habibullah II., and was duly elected King. Since then he did much, by judicious reforms which contrasted with Amanullah's impetuous "westernisation," to bring peace to his country. Mohamed Zahir Khan, who was proclaimed King immediately after the death of his father, is nineteen years old. He was educated for six years in France, and returned to Kabul when Nadir Shah was crowned. He spent two years in the Military School and had latterly been in the Ministry of War. He is a keen sports-

man, very popular with the tribesmen and the people of Kabul. Some days after the murder of the King it was announced that the assassin was a low-class Afghan, the son of a servant, who may have been acting in consequence of a family vendetta. In view of the considerable pro-Amanullah faction in Afghanistan, the new King's position was considered temporarily precarious: and, as a precaution in case of trouble, the Government of India ordered the closing of the Khyber Pass for outward traffic.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

THERE is now very little difference between historical romance and romantic history. In the former, facts were embroidered on a story; in the latter, a story is woven out of the facts; but the net result is much the same. A new and attractive example of this second method, with its alternations from documentary evidence to purely imaginative scenes and conversations, is "THE WITCHERY OF JANE SHORE," the Rose of London. The Romance of a Royal Mistress. By C. J. S. Thompson. With twenty-one illustrations (Grayson; 12s. 6d.). The author's previous books were largely concerned with witchcraft, magic, alchemy, astrology, poison mysteries, and so on. Perhaps he was drawn to the present subject by the fact that his heroine was accused of sorcery and witchcraft when she fell from her high estate after the death of her royal lover, Edward IV., and that the King's marriage to Elizabeth Grey was also alleged to have been brought about by the same occult means. Such matters, however, form merely incidental phases of Jane's life, as here related, and the word "witchery" in the title refers to the charms of her person and character.

Contemporary biographical material, it seems, is somewhat scanty, though including some letters from Jane's persecutor, Richard, Duke of Gloucester (afterwards Richard III.). In the preface, by the way, the author calls him "the Protector," a phrase which, unaccompanied by a name, I thought was usually reserved for Cromwell. More reliance is placed on later writers, particularly Sir Thomas More, who actually saw Jane in her old age. He bears eloquent

testimony to her good qualities and the beneficent use she made of her influence over the King. "The dry facts I have gleaned," writes Mr. Thompson, "I have endeavoured to blend with some of the more interesting traditions. . . . Thus, in a series of episodes, I have tried to portray Jane Shore and present some idea of her personality rather than write a history of her time." On these lines he has produced a very appealing portrait.

While his fictional passages are a trifle crude, he imparts an element of plot to the early chapters, in telling how Lord Hastings, unable to secure Jane for himself, conceived the idea of setting his royal master on her track, with a view to bringing her to Court within range of his own advances; and how the scheme failed because the amorous King proved more constant in his love than Hastings had anticipated. In Part II. of his book—Jane Shore in Poetry and Drama—Mr. Thompson gives in full the narrative poems by Thomas Churchyard (1587) and Anthony Chute (1593); part of Heywood's play on Edward IV.; Michael Drayton's "heroicall epistles" put in the mouths of Edward and Jane in the Ovidian manner; several ballads, and Nicholas Rowe's "Tragedy of Jane Shore." Shakespeare himself, of course, as Mr. Thompson recalls, mentions "Shore's Wife" in "Richard III.," where he describes Jane chiefly from Richard's hostile point of view.

Jane, we are told, was a daughter of one Thomas Wainstead, a mercer of Cheapside. Her beauty became a danger to herself, and, having frustrated an attempted abduction, her father married her off to William Shore, a worthy goldsmith and banker of Lombard Street. There she lived with him for some years, and thither, according to Michael Drayton, Edward IV. visited her husband's shop in disguise to make her acquaintance. I was not aware of all these intriguing facts and traditions when I plied the clerical pen many years ago in that auriferous thoroughfare. They might have helped to lighten the tedium of the office stool. "In the time of Henry VII.," we read, "some of the houses occupied by the goldsmiths were remarkable for their gilded and carved frontages, and above the doorways swung great sign-boards emblazoned with heraldic designs, or ornamented with figures

of animals and birds." In my time, this taste for pictorial emblems still survived to some extent in Lombard Street, and every morning I passed in to my daily labours beneath the sign of the Pelican.

Finally, Mr. Thompson gives an interesting note on the portraits of Jane reproduced in his book as illustrations. None of them, he points out, is authentic, since in her time portraiture as an art had scarcely begun in England. Those that we have, he says, are imaginary pictures, dating from about the middle of the sixteenth century. Among them are two preserved at Eton College, but neither corresponds with Drayton's description of one that he saw there about 1669, which has apparently disappeared. Others given in the book are from the royal collection at Hampton Court, from King's College, Cambridge, and from various wood-cuts and engravings. There is a tradition that Jane pleaded the cause of Eton College when Edward IV. was considering the appropriation of its revenues. Despite the poverty and privations of her later years, she lived to be over eighty, and died about 1532, in the eighteenth year of the reign of Henry VIII.

Jane Shore was a type of those women who are dependent on the bounty or caprices of men—a type much rarer nowadays, though still not entirely extinct. How the modern changes in the social and political status of women came about is ably outlined in a book on the fore-runners of the feminist movement—"WOMEN IN SUBJECTION." A Study of the Lives of Englishwomen before 1832. By I. B. O'Malley, author of "Florence Nightingale, 1820-1856" (Duckworth; 15s.). Jane herself is not mentioned, and there is only a passing allusion to some of her contemporaries, "the ladies of the Paston family who flourished in the reigns of Henry VI., Edward IV.,

and the fourth Edward as a squire of dames, to the advantage of the earlier prince. These affairs, of course, are entirely subsidiary to the main purpose of the book, which is to give a general picture of women's lives in the age that preceded feminism. The chapters about the education of girls are among the most interesting.

It is essential for the world's future comfort and security that the younger generation, which knew not the war, should be enabled to realise what it was like. There is, of course, no lack of literature on the subject, but much of it has been criticised as inaccurate or misleading, or not really typical, but merely representing the psychological reaction of some self-centred individual. No such complaint, I think, could be made against "TWELVE DAYS." By Sidney Rogerson. Foreword by B. H. Liddell Hart. With eight Drawings by Stanley Cursiter and a Coloured Frontispiece (Arthur Barker; 8s. 6d.). This strikes me as being among the best of the war books I have seen, for giving an objective and impersonal, and at the same time intensely vivid, picture of life in the trenches on the Western Front. As Captain Liddell Hart says: "This book is essentially communal; the author is merged in his battalion."

As the title indicates, the scope of the narrative is strictly limited in time and place, but these twelve days in 1916 on one particular sector, not marked by any outstanding battle, but merely presenting the ordinary routine of the infantryman's life at the Front, form, as it were, a microcosm of the whole four years. "Every personal incident," says the author, "is real, and everything, including the conversations, is set down in its context." Captain Rogerson does not tell us whether his work is based on any diary kept at the time, or whether, after this long interval, he has drawn his picture from memory. In either case, the result is singularly arresting.

In the last number of *The Illustrated London News* appeared some astonishing photographs of lions as domestic pets, at a South African homestead, associating with human beings on the most amicable terms. The big beasts are seen standing by a lady's tea-table just like a pair of well-trained dogs. These fascinating photographs, with many others taken in the same domestic surroundings or in the wild, occur in "LIONS WILD AND FRIENDLY." Presenting the King of Beasts as a companion and an interesting subject for photography in his natural habitat. The anecdotes of one who has reared lions as a hobby. By E. F. V. Wells, F.R.G.S., F.Z.S. With fifty-five illustrations in photogravure (Cassell; 8s. 6d.).

While appreciating to the full the wonder and beauty of the photographs, and the unique interest of the author's narrative; and while accepting his tributes to the geniality of the lion, even in its native haunts, when treated with tact and *savoir faire*; yet I must admit that I should feel a little nervous in approaching that house as a visitor. "Perhaps no other animal," writes Mr. Wells, "displays so varied a temperament or so many likes and dislikes towards human beings. For neither rhyme nor reason a lion will immediately show intense aversion to a person he has never seen before; on the other hand, to some who are equal strangers he will reveal the most friendly attitude." All the more I admire the author for rearing "thirty-three lions from cubhood to maturity." He reveals the character and mentality of these majestic creatures in quite a new light. I can easily believe that the lion would lie down with the lamb, if duly provided, at regular intervals, with a suitable quantity of cold mutton. C. E. B.



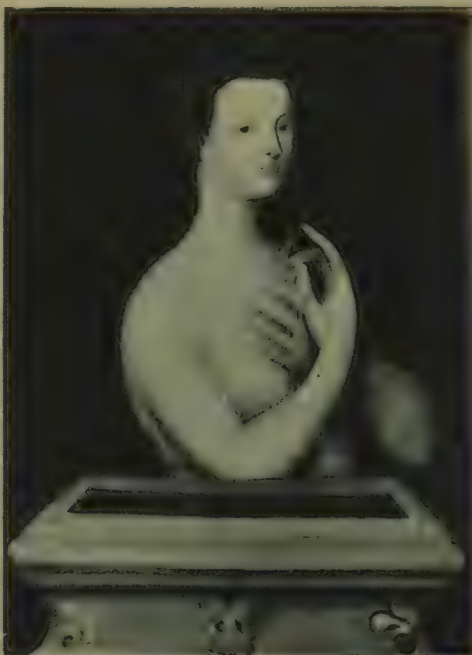
"THE ROSE OF LONDON" IN THE DAYS OF EDWARD IV.: JANE SHORE—A PORTRAIT IN THE ROYAL COLLECTION AT HAMPTON COURT PALACE.

This picture, given as the frontispiece to Mr. Thompson's book, by permission of his Majesty, is an oil painting on panel measuring 3 ft. 3 in. by 2 ft. 5 in. Along the top is an inscription—"Bakers (banker's) wife Mistris to a King." Mr. C. H. Collins Baker, the Surveyor of the King's Pictures, is of opinion that it is "not contemporary with Jane Shore, and can only be very dubiously connected with some earlier portrait." The costume suggests that it was painted about the latter half of the sixteenth century.

Illustrations reproduced from "The Witchery of Jane Shore." By C. J. S. Thompson. By Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Grayson and Grayson. (See review on this page.)



TRADITIONALLY BELIEVED TO HAVE DETERMINED EDWARD IV. FROM DESPOILING ETON COLLEGE: JANE SHORE—A PORTRAIT ON PANEL, AT THE PROVOST'S LODGE, PROBABLY PAINTED IN THE LATER PART OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.



ANOTHER PORTRAIT OF JANE SHORE PRESERVED FOR CENTURIES AT ETON COLLEGE: A PAINTING ON CANVAS, PROBABLY BY A FRENCH ARTIST ABOUT THE END OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

"According to Sir H. C. Maxwell Lyte" (in his "History of Eton College"), "no direct evidence can be adduced . . . that Jane pleaded the cause of Eton College when the King was considering the appropriation of its revenues. On the other hand, the fact that pictures of her have been preserved both at Eton and Cambridge for centuries gives some support to the tradition." The Cambridge portraits are at the Provost's Lodge of King's College. One is described as a copy of the Eton panel portrait, and is thought by some to represent Diane de Poitiers.

Liverpool Cathedral—the Finest Modern Gothic in England.

DIRECT COLOUR PHOTOGRAPH BY THE FINLAY PROCESS. (SEE ALSO FOLLOWING PAGE.)



A "SYMPHONY OF PRAISE": LIVERPOOL CATHEDRAL, SEEN FROM THE "NORTH-EAST CORNER," AS IT NOW IS, WITH THE NORTH-WEST TRANSEPT UNDER CONSTRUCTION—THE CHAPTER HOUSE IN THE CENTRE AND THE LADY CHAPEL ON THE LEFT.

In Liverpool Cathedral, the hues of stone and stained glass, marble and wood, as well as those of hangings and vestments, all form part of a carefully-planned, harmonious whole: the splendour of mediæval ritual, when all these elements were used to intensify the effect of magnificent music and chanting, is recaptured. The fine colour photographs which we are able to reproduce, on this page and on that following, illustrate this ambitious symphony of praise. The Cathedral, we may note, is the third Cathedral of the Church of England to be built in England since the Reformation, the other two being St. Paul's and Truro. It is the design of Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, who was just over twenty-one when he was appointed architect. The foundation-stone was laid on July 19, 1904, by King Edward VII. The Choir and Choir Transepts were consecrated in the presence of the King and Queen on July 19, 1924. Some idea of the size of the High Altar in the Cathedral (illustrated on the following page) may be gained from the fact that the fine silver cross stands 6 ft. 5 in. high. The group of the Last Supper which forms part of the great Reredos can be seen behind the cross. The Cross of Liverpool (see following page) is

of hand-wrought silver. Our photograph shows how the colours of the robes used in the Cathedral have been designed to blend with the colour and harmonise with the dignity of the building. It was found that the ordinary white surplice was far too harsh and "spotty" in such surroundings. The rochet illustrated proves that unbleached linen is the ideal material. The rust-coloured cassock picks up the colour of the sandstone, while the rich apple-green of the exquisitely designed gown makes a delightful contrast. The colours well illustrate the care and thought which is exhibited both in the building and in the ritual of the services which are held within its walls. The Chapter House was the gift of the West Lancashire Provincial Free and Accepted Masons, in memory of the Earl of Lathom, who was the Provincial Grand Master. His portrait is in the left-hand light of the window—the figure with a long beard—and that of his son, the second Earl, is in the right-hand light. The two figures are symbolic of Faith and Hope. Underneath Faith is Abraham. Underneath Hope is St. Stephen. An ambulatory behind the altar gives access to the Chapter House and the Lady Chapel.

Harmonies of Liverpool Cathedral: Colours Most Beautifully Blended.

DIRECT COLOUR PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE FINLAY PROCESS.



THE SANCTUARY OF THE CATHEDRAL: THE ALTAR, BEFORE A REREDOS OF RED SANDSTONE AND RICH GILDING.



TWO ASPECTS OF THE EXQUISITE COLOUR HARMONIES IN THE CATHEDRAL: THE CROSS OF LIVERPOOL AND VESTMENTS DESIGNED TO BE IN KEEPING WITH THE RED SANDSTONE STONWORK (LEFT); AND (RIGHT) THE FIRST AND SECOND EARLS OF LATHOM—IN THE LEFT- AND RIGHT-HAND LIGHTS OF A CHAPTER-HOUSE WINDOW.



A WINDOW ON THE WORLD: NEWS ITEMS OF THE WEEK.



THE NEW MAYOR OF NEW YORK—FUSIONIST AND ANTI-TAMMANY: MAJOR F. H. LA GUARDIA.

Tammany suffered defeat on November 7 in the election for the mayoralty of New York—an office which is held for four years. Major Fiorello H. La Guardia, once a Socialist, but now an Independent Republican and representing a fusion of Republicans and anti-Tammany Democrats, was elected. The Government ran an unsuccessful candidate.



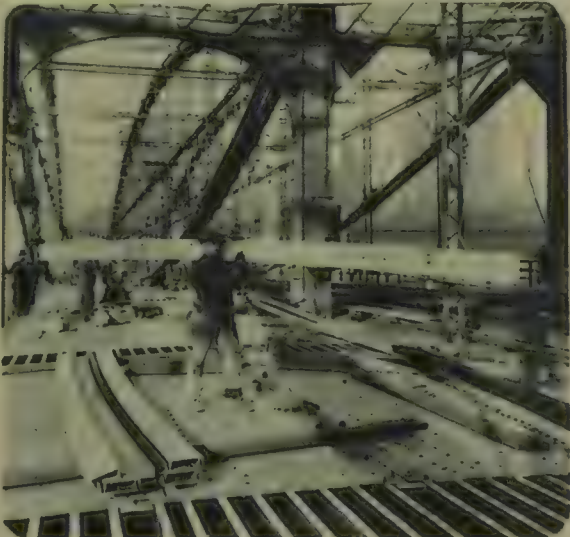
GORDON RICHARDS BREAKS ARCHER'S RECORD, WHICH HAD STOOD FOR FORTY-EIGHT YEARS: LEADING IN THE WINNER AT LIVERPOOL AFTER RICHARDS, ON GOLDEN KING, HAD WON HIS 247TH RACE OF THE SEASON.

Gordon Richards's great struggle to beat Fred Archer's record of 246 winning mounts in a season ended at Liverpool on November 8, the anniversary of Archer's death, when he rode Golden King to victory in the first race of the afternoon. Richards received a telegram of congratulation from the King; and he gave a broadcast talk in the National programme that night.



A 600,000-FRANC PARIS BANK ROBBERY: THE HOLE AND ROPE USED BY THE THIEVES.

On the night of November 6 the Comptoir Lyon-Allemand, in the Rue Réaumur, was robbed of gold to the amount of some 600,000 francs (£4800 at par). The thieves entered an untenanted room over the bank, bored a hole in the ceiling, lowering an umbrella to catch noiselessly the falling plaster, and entered by a rope.



DURALUMIN IN PLACE OF STEEL IN A PITTSBURGH BRIDGE: A PORTABLE GIRDER.

At Pittsburgh, the "iron city," duralumin is being used in reconstructing the old Smithfield Bridge. The bridge needs a new floor, but, since the superstructure would not stand the strain of an entire steel decking, the light metal was adopted, saving 750 tons. The girder carried weighs 104 lb.; a similar steel one would weigh 292 lb.



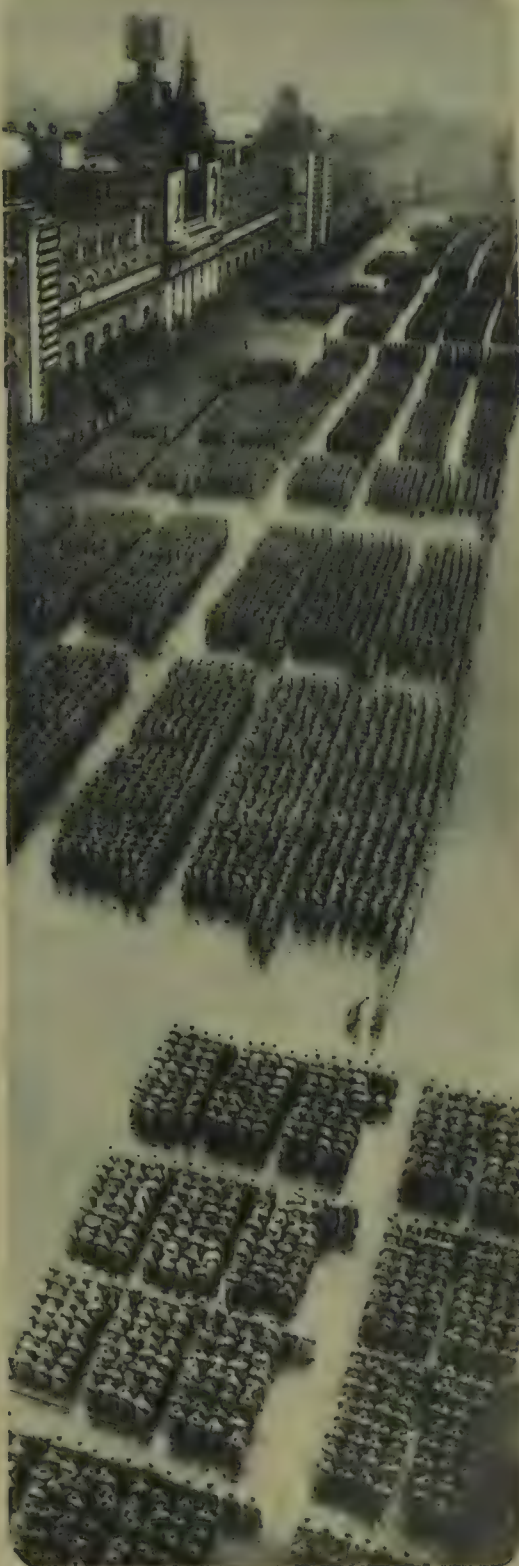
MANCHESTER'S TRAVELLING LIBRARY, WHICH CARRIES 1250 VOLUMES: QUEUEING UP TO EXCHANGE BOOKS.

An interesting experiment of a travelling library is already successful in the Manchester district. The van carries a large selection of books suitable for people of all ages—1250 in all (250 juvenile, 500 fiction, and 500 non-fiction)—and visits outlying districts once a week. The biggest issue in one day has been close on a thousand books.



AFRICAN ANIMALS WHICH THE RECENT INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE HAS AGREED TO PROTECT: A GROUP ARRANGED AT THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM FOR A RECEPTION GIVEN TO THE DELEGATES.

Most of the African animals which the international conference at the House of Lords agreed to protect are included in this group, arranged by Captain and Mrs. Guy Dollman. They are (as near as may be, from left to right): white rhinoceros; aard-wolf; white-tailed gnu; baribary stag; Clarke's gazelle; giant pangolin; mountain zebra; Jentink's duiker; nyala; northern hartebeest; beira; giant sable antelope; water chevrotain; gorilla; yellow-bellied pangolin; yellow-backed duiker; wild ass; colobus monkey; pigmy hippopotamus; okapi; chimpanzee; and short-tailed pangolin.



MASSSED TROOPS IN MOSCOW: THE PARADE ON THE SIXTEENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE REVOLUTION.

The military might of Russia paraded in the Red Square on November 7 to celebrate the sixteenth anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution. More than four hundred tanks, half of them "heavies," took part in the parade, and a full company of women officers marched with the military schools.

PEOPLE WHO ARE IN THE PUBLIC EYE:

EVENTS AND PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK.



MR. MELVILLE GIDEON.

The well-known song-composer and entertainer at the piano. Died November 11; aged forty-nine. An original "Co-optimist." Composed songs and music for "Nuts and Wine," "Mustard and Cress," "Ciro's Frolics," and "Buddies."



MR. JOHN TWEED.

The famous sculptor of public statues. Died November 12. Is represented by prominent statues in Madras and Calcutta; statues of Rhodes at Bulawayo, Salisbury, and Mafeking; and many others in Great Britain and Overseas.



SIR DAVID MURRAY, R.A.

The famous landscape painter. Died November 14; aged eighty-four. President of the Institute of Painters in Water-Colours. Exhibited six pictures at the Royal Academy last year. Was entirely a self-taught artist. Formerly a clerk in Glasgow.



MR. J. A. R. CAIRNS.

The well-known Metropolitan Police Magistrate. Died November 10; aged fifty-nine. Began his career as a Free Church minister. Called to the Bar, 1908. Magistrate, the Thames Court, 1920-30; then in Marylebone and Westminster.



MME. TETRAZZINI SINGING AT THE ALBERT HALL — HER FAREWELL APPEARANCE.

Mme. Tetrazzini began her farewell tour in England with a concert at the Albert Hall on November 12. Her programme included the "Mad Scene" from Thomas's "Hamlet," the Jewel Song from "Faust," Chapi's "Carceleras," and then "Ah, fors'è lui," in memory of her first appearance at Covent Garden.



A FAMOUS FRENCH POLICE CHIEF DEAD: THE LATE M. LEPINE (LEFT).

M. Louis Lépine, who was Prefect of the French Police for eighteen years, died on November 9, aged eighty-seven. After service in the provinces, he became Prefect of Police in Paris for the second time in 1899, and introduced many reforms. His courage and presence of mind were a by-word. He is here seen with M. Chiappe, the present Prefect.

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S VISIT TO BEDFORD SCHOOL: H.R.H. RECEIVED AT THE MEMORIAL GATES BY MR. H. GROSE-HODGE, THE HEADMASTER, AND BY REPRESENTATIVES OF THE HARPUR TRUST.

The Prince of Wales visited Bedford School on November 8. He arrived by the Phillpotts Memorial Gates and was received by the Headmaster (Mr. Humphrey Grose-Hodge) and by representatives of the Harpur Trust. At the reception, the school O.T.C. provided a guard of honour. The Prince and his entourage began by visiting the new science buildings (brought into use this term), and here the Prince chatted with boys and masters. Later, he saw the smithy and the engineering workshops, the new preparatory school, and the Old Bedfordians Memorial Hall. The boys were gathered in the Great Hall to hear an informal address by the Prince.



THE KING AND QUEEN VISIT THE PRINCESS ROYAL DURING HER CONVALESCENCE: THE EARL OF HAREWOOD ACCOMPANYING THEIR MAJESTIES TO THEIR CAR.

As noted in our last issue (when we gave a full-length portrait of her Royal Highness), the Princess Royal was operated on for the removal of her appendix on November 7 at her home in London, and was reported to be doing well. The King and Queen visited her there on November 10. They left Buckingham Palace by car just before noon, and remained at Green Street for over half an hour. According to the latest statements before going to press, the Princess Royal's condition was quite satisfactory.



THE GUILDHALL BANQUET: THE NEW LORD MAYOR AND SOME OF HIS GUESTS; INCLUDING MR. MACDONALD, THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, AND LORD SANKEY.

Mr. MacDonald (for the fourth time as Prime Minister) attended the Lord Mayor's Banquet at Guildhall on November 9 and replied to the toast of "His Majesty's Ministers." Mr. Baldwin, Sir John Simon, Sir Samuel Hoare, Lord Hailsham, Sir John Gilmour, and Lord Londonderry were also present. After the reception by the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress (Sir Charles and Lady Collett) the usual procession was formed. The Brazilian Ambassador (now the doyen of the Diplomatic Corps) replied to the toast "The Foreign Ambassadors and Ministers."

IN MEMORY OF THE 1,104,890 BRITISH DEAD OF THE GREAT WAR.

Drawn for "The Illustrated London News" by D. Macpherson.



THE COLUMN OF DEAD WOULD EXTEND—
In CANADA, from QUEBEC TO OTTAWA.
In AUSTRALIA, from MELBOURNE TO CANBERRA.
In SOUTH AFRICA, from BLOEMFONTEIN TO PRETORIA.
In NEW ZEALAND, from CHRISTCHURCH TO WELLINGTON.
In NEWFOUNDLAND, from COAST TO COAST.
In INDIA, from LAHORE TO DELHI.

A MARCH PAST THE CENOTAPH, IN WHITEHALL, WOULD TAKE 3½ DAYS.

THE GREAT WAR DEAD OF THE EMPIRE: A COLUMN OF MEN, MARCHING IN COLUMN OF FOURS, WOULD EXTEND FROM THE CENOTAPH, IN WHITEHALL, LONDON, TO DURHAM.

The effort made by the British Empire during the Great War—an effort whose magnitude is not, perhaps, always fully appreciated abroad—was emphasised on Armistice Day in a broadcast address on War Graves given by Major-General Sir Fabian Ware. His subject was "Some Corner of a Foreign Field." He said that 900,000 of the million dead of the Empire were strange to arms

when the war-cloud burst, but yet as soldiers they died, and as soldiers they had been saluted. He then imagined the column of the dead which is illustrated on this page, the men moving in one long column, four abreast—"as the head of that column reached the Cenotaph the last four men would be at Durham"—and kindred columns marching in other parts of the Empire.



WHERE 1,104,890 POPPY PETALS DESCENDED IN A RED SHOWER FROM THE DOME IN MEMORY OF THE EMPIRE'S 1,104,890 DEAD: THE ALBERT HALL DURING THE BRITISH LEGION'S FESTIVAL OF EMPIRE AND REMEMBRANCE ON ARMISTICE NIGHT.

"THEY SHALL GROW NOT OLD": A GREAT COMMEMORATION OF THE EMPIRE'S MILLION DEAD BY SURVIVING COMRADES.

THE British Legion Festival of Empire and Remembrance was held on Armistice Night in the Albert Hall, which was crowded with ex-Service men, headed by their Patron, the Prince of Wales. His arrival was greeted by the National Anthem, played by the massed bands of the Guards. The first part of the proceedings began with a long procession of Legion standards to the platform. Then followed a soldiers' "sing-song," in which the vast assemblage joined in the chorus of all the familiar old songs of war time, such as "Take Me Back to Dear Old Blighty," "Are We Downhearted?," "Tipperary," "Good-bye-ee," and "Hello, Who's Your Lady Friend?" It has been said that most of them were not war songs in the belligerent sense, but rather the most wistful songs of peace a people ever sang. This first section of the programme concluded with "Land of Hope and Glory." The second part of the Festival took on a more serious note. It opened with Kipling's "Recessional," in which organ and audience joined. Next, amid a roll of drums, the lights were dimmed, and through a curtain appeared a vista of a war cemetery. Gradually the curtain was withdrawn, revealing a picture of the Unknown Warrior's coffin, decked with flowers. This was followed by another scene—"some corner of a foreign field that is for ever England"—and from without sounded the distant notes of the "Last Post." Then the Prince of Wales, in a clear and resonant voice, recited the famous fourth verse of Laurence Binyon's poem, "For the Fallen": "They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old; Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn. At the going down of the sun and in the morning 'We will remember them.'" The last four words were repeated by the whole audience. The only light in the great hall was in the dome, and during the quiet singing of a hymn, "The Supreme Sacrifice," by choristers unaccompanied, there began to fall from overhead a "gentle rain" of poppy petals—1,104,890 petals, one each for the 1,104,890 men of British race who will "grow not old." These petals were released from a container somewhere in the roof. Meanwhile, there appeared above the screen a great illuminated cross covered with poppies—a cross so large that (as one of our photographs shows) it had needed four men to carry it to the hall. Trumpeters then sounded the Reveille, and the audience sang, in darkness, "Abide With Me." Finally, the lights came on again, and the Festival ended with the National Anthem.



AN ENORMOUS CROSS REPRESENTING FLANDERS POPPIES THAT APPEARED, ILLUMINATED, ABOVE THE SCREEN WHEN THE 1,104,890 PETALS WERE RELEASED FROM THE ROOF: ON ITS WAY TO THE ALBERT HALL.



THE PRINCE OF WALES (IN THE CENTRE IN FRONT), WHO RECITED A VERSE FROM LAURENCE BINYON'S POEM, "FOR THE FALLEN," IN HIS SEAT AT THE ALBERT HALL DURING THE FESTIVAL.

THE 96 PER CENT VOTE FOR HERR HITLER AND HIS POLICY IN LEAVING THE LEAGUE AND THE DISARMAMENT CONFERENCE.



THE GERMAN EX-CROWN PRINCE AND PRINCESS AMONG THE CROWDS IN THE STREETS OF BERLIN, GATHERED TO CELEBRATE ELECTION RESULTS.



HERR VON PAPPEN, THE VICE-CHANCELLOR, WITH HIS FAMILY, LEAVING A BERLIN POLLING STATION—(INSET) A VOTER'S BADGE INSCRIBED "YES."



THE VETERAN PRESIDENT AS VOTER: FIELD-LEAVING THE MINISTERS' POLLING STATION



MARSHAL VON HINDENBURG (AGED EIGHTY-SIX) IN THE JÄGERSTRASSE, BERLIN.

SCENES IN GERMANY BEFORE AND DURING THE COMBINED POLL FOR THE REFERENDUM AND THE ELECTIONS TO THE REICHSTAG.



DR. GOEBBELS, MINISTER OF PROPAGANDA, LEAVING THE POLLING STATION IN THE JÄGERSTRASSE—(INSET) ANOTHER BADGE FOR VOTERS.



THE FOREIGN MINISTER RECORDS HIS VOTE: BARON VON NEURATH LEAVING THE MINISTERS' POLLING STATION IN BERLIN.



THE MUNICH CELEBRATIONS ON THE TENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE HITLER PUTSCH IN NOVEMBER 1923: HERR HITLER AS CHANCELLOR (SEEN FROM BEHIND IN THE SPEAKER'S TRIBUNE), ADDRESSING A VAST GATHERING IN THE SQUARE OUTSIDE THE FELDHERRENHALLE.



A MINUTE'S "SILENCE" AT A MEMORIAL MARKING THE SPOT, BY TROOPS AND POLICE IN 1923, AND SIXTEEN KILLED:



IN MUNICH, WHERE HITLER'S FOLLOWERS WERE FIRED ON A HALT DURING THE PROCESSION TO THE FELDHERRENHALLE.



HERR HITLER (IN THE SPEAKER'S TRIBUNE), WITH GENERAL GÖRING STANDING NEAR (TO RIGHT), ADDRESSING THE MUNICH ASSEMBLY AT THE TENTH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATIONS: A FRONT VIEW OF THE SCENE SHOWN IN THE LEFT-HAND PHOTOGRAPH IN THIS ROW.



A VOTER WHO HAS BOUGHT ONE OF THE BADGES (ILLUSTRATED ABOVE), AFTER BALLOTING, HAS IT PINNED ON BY A WOMAN AS HE LEAVES THE POLLING STATION.



AN HOUR'S "SILENCE" OBSERVED THROUGHOUT GERMANY TO LISTEN TO HERR HITLER'S FINAL ELECTION BROADCAST APPEAL: A TYPICAL SCENE IN THE POTSDAM PLATZ, BERLIN, WITH ALL TRAFFIC STOPPED, AND PASSERS-BY GIVING THE NAZI SALUTE.



HERR HITLER DELIVERING THE SPEECH DURING WHICH WORK CEASED IN GERMANY BETWEEN 1 AND 2 P.M. ON NOVEMBER 10: THE CHANCELLOR STANDING BEFORE A MICROPHONE ON A PARTIALLY-CONSTRUCTED GENERATOR IN THE SIEMENS ELECTRICAL WORKS.



"THE LEADER" RECORDS HIS OWN VOTE: HERR HITLER, THE GERMAN CHANCELLOR, IN A POLLING BOOTH IN THE REICHENSDAMM QUARTER OF BERLIN ON NOVEMBER 12.

The polling in Germany, on November 12, for the Reichstag elections and the Referendum on the foreign situation, resulted, as was generally expected from the conditions, in a sweeping victory for Herr Hitler and his policy, described as the most overwhelming triumph ever obtained anywhere in a Parliamentary election. In the plebiscite, no less than ninety-six per cent approved the policy of leaving the League of Nations and the Disarmament Conference. In the Reichstag elections, ninety-two per cent voted for the Nazi candidates. No opposition candidates were allowed to stand, but 7·6

per cent of the voters indicated anti-Nazi views by spoiling their ballot papers. Out of a total of 45,146,277 qualified electors, 43,549,662 went to the poll. The actual number of votes recorded in the Reichstag election was—for the Nazis, 39,646,273; spoilt papers, 3,349,445. The new Reichstag will be the biggest in German history, with 661 Members, all supporting the Government. In the Referendum the number of votes was—"Yes," 40,609,243, and "No," 2,100,004. Round metal badges bearing the word "Ja" (Yes)—of which we illustrate two examples—could be bought by

voters for five pfennigs. Afterwards, Herr Hitler was summoned to the Palace to be congratulated by President von Hindenburg, who had himself delivered a broadcast address on the eve of the poll. It was stated later that a political amnesty would be declared, and the concentration camps thrown open. Herr Hitler delivered his final election appeal to 9000 employees of the great Siemens electrical works. While it was being broadcast work and traffic stopped and shops were closed throughout Germany. On November 8 and 9 the Chancellor attended the celebrations at Munich on the tenth

anniversary of the 1923 Putsch, when he and General Ludendorff attempted to seize power preparatory to a "march on Berlin." A minute's "silence" was observed at the spot where the revolutionists were fired on by troops and gendarmes, and Herr Hitler unveiled a memorial stone to sixteen Nazis and three gendarmes killed. It is inscribed "Und ihr habt doch gesiegt" (And ye have nevertheless conquered). The above-mentioned voting statistics are given according to corrected results published here on November 14. It was stated that the final official figures would not appear for some days.

CARICATURES BY A SCULPTOR: DANTANS FOUND IN AN OLD PACKING-CASE.



The plaster statuettes here illustrated were found recently, with numerous others of their kind, in a packing-case stored in a castle near Vienna, and are to be exhibited in the New Hofburg Museum, Vienna. The sculptor, Jean Pierre Dantan, was born in Paris in 1800 and died at Baden in 1869. He was a pupil of Bosio, says Bénézit. At first he did only serious work, but then he abandoned his previous methods and created a style of his own by becoming a caricaturist in sculpture. His success was outstanding, and his studio—his Dantanorama, as it was dubbed—became a resort for many who came to laugh at his comic representations of contemporary celebrities. He also triumphed in England.—William Frederick, second Duke of Gloucester and Edinburgh, was also Earl of Connaught. In 1816, as the only great-grandson of George II., he was permitted the style of Royal Highness.—Ernest Augustus, Duke of Cumberland and King of Hanover, was the fifth son of

George III. and Queen Charlotte. He succeeded to the German dominions of his family when Victoria became Queen.—Paganini was the famous Italian violinist.—Liszt was the great pianist and composer who created the symphonic poem.—Lord Lynedoch was a General of considerable distinction.—Lablache was a famous operatic basso and actor.—Rossini composed "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," "Guillaume Tell," and other familiar works.—Berlioz gained fame by his "La Damnation de Faust," "Roméo et Juliette," and many other works.—Hugo was one of the greatest of French poets, playwrights, and novelists.—John Charles Spencer, Viscount Althorp and third Earl Spencer, became Chancellor of the Exchequer and Leader of the House of Commons at the end of 1830.—Nathan Meyer Rothschild, financier and merchant, was created Baron Rothschild in 1885. He was M.P. for Aylesbury from 1865 until 1885, and was a Privy Councillor and a G.C.V.O.



M A S T E R S



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WHITBREAD'S PALE ALE

EARL HOWE TREASURES UNDER THE HAMMER: FINE FURNITURE AND SILVER TO BE AUCTIONED.

PHOTOGRAPHS REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF THE OWNER AND OF THE AUCTIONEERS, MESSRS. CHRISTIE, MANSON AND WOODS, KING STREET, ST. JAMES'S.



A CHIPPENDALE MAHOGANY COMMODO WITH AN UNUSUAL FRONT; THE TOP DRAWER FALLING DOWN TO FORM A SECRETAIRE.
(C. 1760. 33 in. high; 3 ft., 8 in. wide; 22 in. deep.)



A CHIPPENDALE MAHOGANY LIBRARY CENTRE TABLE WITH A THREE-SLAB MAHOGANY TOP AND NOTABLE FOR ITS ORMOLO ENRICHMENTS.
(C. 1755. 33 in. high; 7 ft. wide; 4 ft. 8 in. deep.)



CHIPPENDALE MAHOGANY CHAIRS IN THE CHINESE TASTE (c. 1760); AND A CHIPPENDALE MAHOGANY ARTIST'S TABLE WITH ADJUSTABLE RISING TOP (c. 1760).
(The table: 33 in. high; 33 in. wide; 21½ in. deep.)



TWO OF A SET OF FOUR WILLIAM III. WALNUT CHAIRS (c. 1695); AND A WILLIAM AND MARY WALNUT ARM-CHAIR (c. 1690).



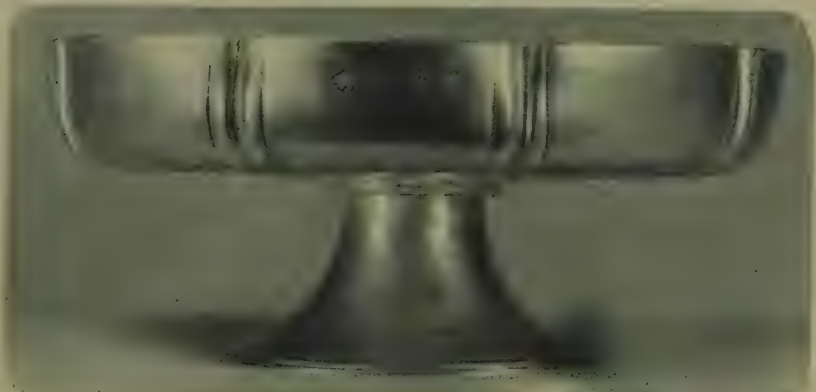
A QUEEN ANNE SILVER-GILT CUP AND COVER (1712); AND A PAIR OF QUEEN ANNE PLAIN SILVER-GILT BOWLS AND COVERS (1704).
(The former by Simon Pantin; 6½ in. high. The latter by Louis Cuny; 4½ in. diameter.)



A CHIPPENDALE MAHOGANY SETTEE FROM A SET COMPRISING TWO SETTEES AND SIX CHAIRS (c. 1755).
(The settees: 4 ft. 9 in. wide.)



A CHARLES II. TANKARD AND COVER; BEARING THE ARMS OF HOBBS, TOOTING, SURREY.—MADE BY T. C. IN 1677; AND SEVEN INCHES HIGH.



A CHARLES I. FRUIT-DISH OF TAZZA FORM.—MADE IN 1633 BY A SILVERSMITH WHOSE MARK IS W. C. WITH A MULLET BELOW; AND HAVING A HEIGHT OF 3½ INCHES AND A DIAMETER OF 8½ INCHES.

AS we noted in our last issue, when reproducing a selection of the pictures, art treasures from Penn House, Amersham, Bucks, the property of Earl Howe, are to be sold by auction at Christie's—silver on December 6; works by Old Masters on December 7; and English and French furniture on December 8. Most of our photographs are self-explanatory, but a word or two may be added as to certain of the lots illustrated. —The fine commode in the first photograph is fitted with four drawers, the top one with a fall-down front forming a secretaire with pigeon-holes and drawers. —The Chippendale artist's table has an adjustable rising top. The pull-out front encloses a writing slide with divisions beneath it and a receptacle at the side for ink-vases. Concealed in the frieze at the sides are two candlesticks. —The Queen Anne cup and cover is engraved with two coats of arms; that of Queen Anne and that of Cocks. It weighs 23 oz. 12 dwt. The Queen Anne plain bowls and covers

have bowls everted at the lips. —The maker's mark on the Charles II. tankard is T. C., with a fish above. The weight of the piece is 28 oz., 2 dwt. —The weight of the Charles I. fruit-dish is 16 oz., 4 dwt.

The World of the Kinema.

By MICHAEL ORME.

KATHARINE HEPBURN.

WHEN you begin to hear of a young actress as "the—or that—So-and-so girl," you may be pretty certain that a personality has arrived to stir the public's imagination. There may be an alloy of irritation in the reference, a certain caution engendered by all that is unusual, disconcerting, raw-edged in the newcomer. But that she has the qualities destined to make her the storm-centre of discussion, to create an eager anticipation of her next performance, is clearly indicated by the suppression of the artist's Christian name.

For the next step up the ladder of universal fame is reached with the brevity of "the So-and-so." Miss Katharine Hepburn has reached that rung. You will read and hear of her now as "the Hepburn," side by side with the Garbo and the Dietrich. There is a subtle distinction in this form of appellation between the ranks of lovely, talented screen favourites, though each may be accounted an assured "box-office appeal," and the superstar who, possessing that fraction more of magnetism, glamour, personality—call it what you will, it remains indefinable—scales the heights of universal fame. Miss Hepburn's third picture, "Morning Glory," showing at the Coliseum, gloriously fulfils the promise of "A Bill of Divorcement" and "Christopher Strong." In her first film she gave evidence of extraordinary intelligence and individuality. She moved, it is true, without grace. She might almost have been described as gawky. Her voice was rough and over-loud. Nor could she lay claim to conventional good looks. She does not to-day; yet, at moments, she is supremely beautiful. In "Christopher Strong" the camera caressed her carefully into a smoother beauty than she shows in "Morning Glory," but of which she has actually no need. Her voice, however, was still uncontrolled. It fell gratingly on the ear.

For all that, here was a new force in screen-acting that made itself instantly felt. This slim young creature—she is only twenty-four—has a range of power which brings every mood, every emotional and mental phase within her grasp. She is sophisticated, enigmatical—and what an asset that is to screen supremacy Garbo and Dietrich have taught us—yet she is youth personified, childlike of voice, free and untrammelled in her poses. She remains remote, apart from her fellow-actors, yet she reveals in the opening chapters of "Morning Glory" an intimate, confiding humour almost pathetic in its trust in the world's general goodness of heart. With her slanting eyes and generous mouth, her quick movements and her courageous attack, she cuts through the homespun material of her latest picture brilliantly, incisively, leaving in her wake a haunting memory of deep suffering and gallant achievement. She lifts the familiar story of a stage-struck girl's slow and sometimes painful ascent to a study of budding genius. She imparts to the heroine's tenacity of purpose an excitement, an urgency, an imperious demand for the expression of great gifts. Her struggle for recognition is not only convincing, but as thrilling as a high adventure. She thrusts on a sceptical company a couple of Shakespearian excerpts, and renders them with a clear, if not entirely matured, perception of their beauty, in a voice that she has learned to modulate and dulcify. She can escape behind the baffling mask of a sphinx and emerge to bare her soul in a challenge to life.

"Morning Glory" as a whole is not nearly big enough for this girl's rare gifts nor for her versatility. But she gives it rich colour and sincerity. Possibly she found in its texture a few threads of her own early life. For, young as she is, Miss Hepburn has had a varied stage experience and her share of set-backs. Not, one gathers, that her remarkable abilities, fostered from a tender age by her father, a Connecticut surgeon, and later on at school, were ever in doubt; but because this girl has a temper as well as a temperament and a will of her own. The latter did not

always coincide with her manager's, so it seems to have been a case of "in and out" with her for some length of time, with periods of European vagabondage intervening between slabs of hard work in stock companies. Then came the chance of a leading part in "The Warrior's Husband." There were no disagreements this time, but the management wanted "a name." So out she went again, only to be recalled when it was discovered that she was irreplaceable. Her success in this play paved the

is more to the point is that she has it in her to develop into a great actress.

A MISSED OPPORTUNITY.

The increasing predilection of film-producers for making Nature one of the protagonists in their drama, as was done, for example, in "Night Flight," the impressive picture of South America's mail-planes recently shown at the Empire, is again repeated in "S.O.S. Iceberg," pre-released at the Marble Arch Pavilion. There is much to recommend the notion. In a world whose natural terrors are slowly but surely being conquered or nullified by the ingenuity of man in soliciting his own safety and comfort, these elemental forces yet retain that vital character of awe which is the essence of dramatic experience and possess the additional advantage of being pictorially sensational. In the howling blizzard—either ready to hand or produced by studio machinery—the director has at once a villain of a malignancy which hours of patient direction and the finest efforts of the make-up man might fail to manufacture. In the majesty of an iceberg is all the loveliness and veiled menace of the highest-paid sirens of the screen. Nor do icebergs and blizzards demand high salaries.

Such considerations may have led Mr. Carl Laemmle, in this particular instance, to hire Polar equipment, half-a-dozen film-stars, a bit of Greenland, the famous airman Herr Ernst Udet, several experts whose names bear the ubiquitous prefix of "Dr.," and sundry aircraft. Having finally secured the co-operation of the Danish Government, Mr. Laemmle's henchmen set to work to make a film. They spent a whole year, we are told, in the extensive publicity that heralded this film, within the Arctic Circle, suffering incredible hardships and hazards in the cause of Art. And this is what emerged. Dr. Lawrence, a young Polar explorer, leads an expedition in search of some predecessor who has been lost in the icy wastes of Greenland. They lose their supplies—some might say by downright carelessness—and become marooned on a drifting iceberg. In response to their wireless S.O.S., Lawrence's wife sets out from home in a solo aeroplane and miraculously finds them; but in making a landing smashes up and loses her machine. The result is a situation familiar to all filmgoers: five hungry men and one beautiful woman stranded in the wild! But relief is at hand, for another aeroplane has set out, and, with a sense remarkable in one who has a whole continent to choose from, does, in fact, locate the distressed party. Probably he was provided with a combined "joy-stick" and divining-rod! The ultimate rescue is effected by a flotilla of Eskimo kayaks, marshalled by the intrepid airman from a neighbouring settlement. The problem which then confronts the bewildered spectator is: if Eskimos are already living comfortably in a place, why send an American expedition to discover it?

It is amazing, and much to be regretted, that such an opportunity was missed; such scenery, such colossal backgrounds, so wilfully misused. Nature the Antagonist is magnificently presented by a cunning camera; but there is no true conflict, for the human protagonists never live, except preposterously. "S.O.S. Iceberg" is dramatically trivial, and for this reason its pictorial achievement is without significance, the million dollars spent on it a mere frozen asset. As to the players, Mr. Rod La Rocque, as an explorer in the last stages of collapse, makes an imposing figure; and Fräulein Leni Riefenstahl, heroine of "The Blue Light," and Mr. Gibson Gowland are also in the cast.



"KING HENRY VIII." AT SADLER'S WELLS: KING HENRY (CHARLES LAUGHTON); QUEEN KATHARINE (FLORA ROBSON); CARDINAL WOLSEY (ROBERT FARQUHARSON); AND CARDINAL CAMPEIUS (MARIUS GORING) (LEFT TO RIGHT).

Fletcher's version—and in small part, Shakespeare's—of "Henry VIII." is now running at Sadler's Wells, where a cast of exceptional strength, with Charles Laughton, fresh from his success in the film, in the name-part, gives a noteworthy performance. Mr. Tyrone Guthrie produced the play.

way for her sensational début in Hollywood. For sensational she is, as well as irreplaceable, in that she is almost fiercely herself, not only

FROM STUDIO TO STAGE: CHARLES LAUGHTON AS THE KING IN THE ELIZABETHAN PAGEANT PLAY OF "KING HENRY VIII." NOW AT SADLER'S WELLS.



"KING HENRY VIII.": KING HENRY (CHARLES LAUGHTON); ANNE BULLEN (URSULA JEANS); AN OLD LADY (ATHENE SEYLER); AND WOLSEY (ROBERT FARQUHARSON) (LEFT TO RIGHT).

on the screen, but, it would appear, in the studios as well as in private life. A cultured, clever girl, and a brilliant conversationalist, as all who have met her agree, she hates "the social swirl," goes her own way, wears any old clothes she likes, and keeps the real Katharine Hepburn strictly incognito. In short, she is of the stuff that great stars are made of, or, at least, her personality lends itself easily to the fabrication of star-dust. What



LEAVES FROM LIFE: A NEW SERIES OF STUDIES BY EDMUND BLAMPIED.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY EDMUND BLAMPIED.



"A COBBLER'S SUNDAY MORNING."



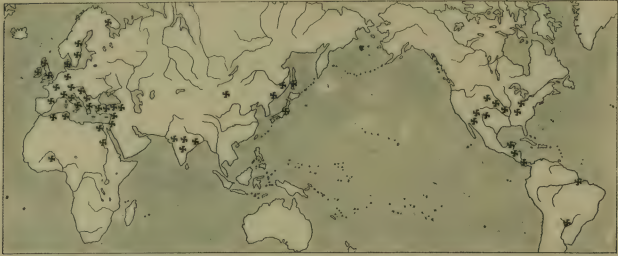
"AN ALARMIST."

In our second series of drawings by Edmund Blampied, continued here, we have already given two studies made at Covent Garden; divers ways of passing an enjoyable evening; two familiar rituals—one essentially masculine, the

other feminine; phases of romance in the suburbs; contrasts in the art of dining; and many others. Here we see the worker's hard-won weekly leisure, and the reception by an audience of an alarmist speech.

THE SWASTIKA FAMILIAR TO HITLER AS A SCHOOLBOY.

Nos. 5, 6, 12, AND 13 FROM



1. THE AMAZING GEOGRAPHICAL DISTRIBUTION OF THE SWASTIKA SIGN IN FOUR CONTINENTS: A MAP TO INDICATE THE WIDELY SEPARATED AREAS WHERE IT OCCURS, IN BOTH HEMISPHERES.
(After Thomas Wilson.)



3. A SWASTIKA ON A CRETAN SEAL OF THE MIDDLE MINOAN AGE—ABOUT 1500 B.C. (FROM A PLASTER CAST.)



10. THE SWASTIKA USED AS A SYMBOLIC MOTIF AMONG NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS: A CEREMONIAL GARTER, FORMED OF PEARLS, FROM A TRIBE IN KANSAS.



11. ONE OF THE EARLIEST-KNOWN SPECIMENS OF THE SWASTIKA, DATING FROM 3500 TO 3000 B.C.: A CUP FROM SUSI, IN MESOPOTAMIA (NOW IN THE LOUVRE), SHOWING TWO SWASTIKAS TURNED IN OPPOSITE DIRECTIONS (DEXTER AND SINISTER).



5. THE SCHOOL WHERE HITLER, AS A BOY, BECAME FAMILIAR WITH THE SWASTIKA AS A HERALDIC AND ARCHITECTURAL SYMBOLIC DEVICE: THE BENEDECTINE MONASTERY AT LAMBACH-ON-TRAUN, IN AUSTRIA.



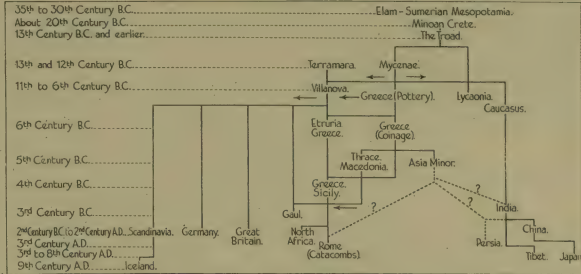
12. ONE OF THE SWASTIKAS WELL KNOWN TO ADOLF HITLER IN HIS SCHOOL DAYS AT LAMBACH: THE EXAMPLE ON THE ARCH OVER A WELL IN THE MONASTERY COURTYARD, WITHIN A STONE SHIELD DATED 1860.

As everyone knows, that ancient symbol, the swastika, is famous as the emblem of the Nazis in Germany. The reason for its being chosen has not hitherto been apparent, but a French writer offers an interesting and probable explanation. It appears that Herr Hitler, as a boy, was at school for two years (1897-8) at the Benedictine monastery at Lambach-on-Traun (illustration No. 5), where his father, an Austrian Customs officer, was then stationed. The family occupied rooms in a fairly large house in the principal square (No. 6). Now, the swastika sign occurred, curiously enough, at several points in the monastery, and must have been perfectly familiar to young Hitler, as to all the other boys. For some unknown reason, it had been adopted in 1859 by the then Superior of the monastery, Theodorich von Nagel, who in 1860 added it to the institution's coat of arms, and had it placed also on a shield surmounting a *prie-Dieu* (No. 13), and on an arch over an old well in the courtyard (No. 12). "Thus," the writer remarks, "the young Adolf Hitler had this symbol constantly

HIS CHOICE OF THIS IMMEMORIAL EMBLEM EXPLAINED.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY P.A.S.

before his eyes, at an age when impressions fix themselves deeply in the memory. We may reasonably see in this fact the origin of his attachment to the *croix gammée* (cross like the Greek gamma) which he has to-day given as an emblem to millions of Germans." The swastika takes two forms—the dexter (right-handed) and sinister (left-handed) design. The dexter form, it is said, represents the sun's path from east to west, and the sinister its path at night from west to east. The former symbolised day, light, life, glory, the hosts of Heaven, and blessing; and the latter night, darkness, death, the hordes of Hell, and destruction. It has been pointed out that on the "Horst Wessel" propaganda cards, sold by the million in Germany, the swastika is right-handed. The German Government lately forbade the use of the swastika on trivial or undignified objects, such as cups and saucers, ash-trays, blouse-plims, watering-cans, chocolates, and tabs for beer-mugs. As indicated by the map and chronological table here reproduced (Nos. 1 and 2), the swastika was widely distributed throughout the world in early times and is of very high antiquity, dating back to the fourth millennium B.C. The earliest examples have been found in Mesopotamia.



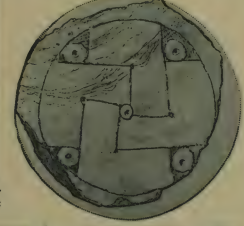
2. THE HIGH ANTIQUITY OF THE SWASTIKA AND ITS PERSISTENCE THROUGH THE AGES: A CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE FROM THE 4TH MILLENNIUM B.C. IN MESOPOTAMIA TO THE 9TH CENTURY A.D. IN ICELAND.
(After Collet d'Arno.)



6. ADOLF HITLER'S BOYHOOD HOME AT LAMBACH IN 1897-8: THE HOUSE, NOW A CAFÉ (ON THE RIGHT), FROM THE DOOR OF WHICH HE COULD SEE THE ENTRANCE TO THE MONASTERY SCHOOL.



7. A SWASTIKA BETWEEN TWO SOLAR DISCS: DETAIL OF A GREEK GEOMETRIC VASE NOW IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.



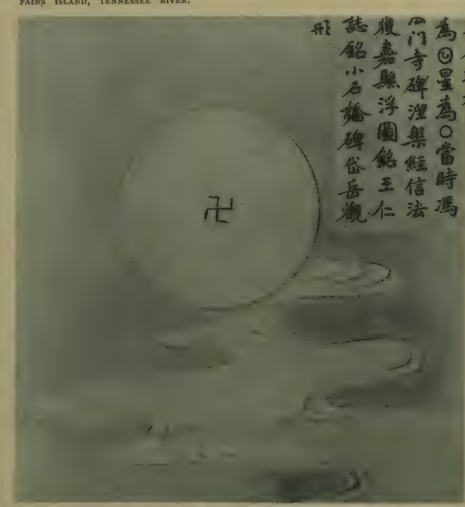
8. AN AMERICAN SWASTIKA DESIGN: A MOTHER-OF-PEARL PENDANT FROM PAINS ISLAND, TENNESSEE RIVER.



9. THE SWASTIKA IN BUDDHIST SYMBOLISM IN INDIA: EXAMPLES ON A RELIEF SHOWING THE IMPRINT OF BUDDHA'S FEET.



13. ANOTHER SWASTIKA IN THE MONASTERY SCHOOL AT LAMBACH QUITE FAMILIAR TO THE YOUNG ADOLF HITLER: THE CENTRAL DEVICE IN A COAT OF ARMS (OF 1866) SURMOUNTING A *PRIE-DIEU*.



14. THE SWASTIKA IN CHINA: THE EMBLEM RAISED TO THE RANK OF A SOLAR SYMBOL BY THE EMPRESS WU ABOUT THE PERIOD 684-704 A.D.
(After a drawing by M. Li, now in the possession of the National Museum of the United States.)



A LOAN Exhibition of clocks by the father of English clockmakers, Thomas Tompion, is announced for Wednesday next, Nov. 22, in aid of

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

AN EXHIBITION OF TOMPION CLOCKS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

been finally worked out, but its outer ring presumably denotes the age of the moon, and its inner the moon's rise. Beneath this appears the day of the month, and finally, above the VI, an aperture in which is to be seen letters and figures for telling the week-day on the first and last day of each month, and the number of the week from the beginning of the year each day is in—a device which is "set" by the little dial on the left. The corresponding dial on the right in the shape of the sun is merely there to balance this small dial.

Fig. 3, giving a side view of the works, will enchant those learned in the technicalities of clock-making—of whom I am not one—but even my fellow ignoramuses will be able to appreciate the extreme neatness with which two trains do the work of three by the simple and ingenious device of making the bell standard in front turn completely round so that the big bell can be struck at the hour—a device which, I am informed, has not been found in any other specimen. There are four bells—the two at the back for the quarters—ting-tang—while the half-hour gives the last hour on the small bell in front.

Another technical point which cannot very well be illustrated is the use in this clock of the gadget called a "spoon" which presses against the door: this automatically prevents any interference with the hood, which cannot be lifted as long as the door is kept locked.

It is notorious that mathematical theories have an austere beauty that appeals as much to the æsthetic as to the purely logical sense: many minds, for example, are ravished by the sheer impeccable loveliness of the Theory of Relativity, and Kepler commented on the theory of Copernicus as follows: "I have attested it as true in my deepest soul, and I contemplate its beauty with incredible and ravishing delight." It is something of this enthusiasm that communicates itself to the

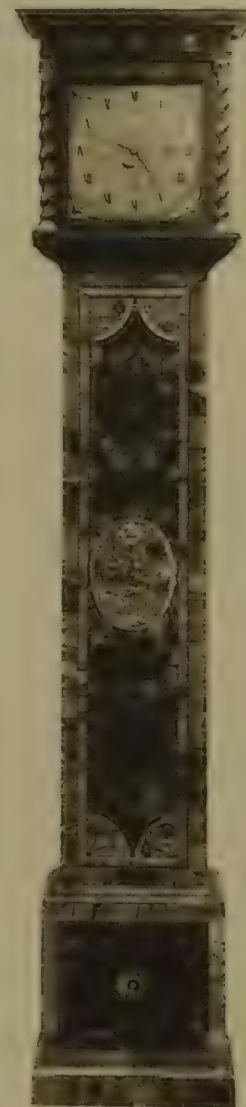
man who begins to explore, in however cursory a fashion, the handiwork of so distinguished a horologist as Tompion, and his admiration for the purely mathematical side of a masterpiece such as this is inevitably increased by the pleasure he obtains from the smallest detail of woodwork or engraving. The fellow has set out primarily to tell us the time (together with a few other odds and ends of information—indeed, almost everything except the winner of next year's Grand National), and has evolved a complicated and ingenious piece of machinery for the purpose, and yet produces also an authentic work of art whose outward form is as beautiful as the chain of reasoning which brought it into being.

Tompion was born at Northhill, Bedfordshire, in 1638; his father was a blacksmith. He set up as a clockmaker in Fleet Street at the corner of what was once Water Lane, and very soon became the leading watchmaker of his time, in high favour with Charles II., and throughout his life closely associated with all that brilliant circle which formed the original Royal Society. He was Master of the Clockmakers Company in 1704, and at his death in 1713 was buried in Westminster Abbey, on the S. side of the Nave, where his nephew and pupil, George Graham, joined him in 1751. One of the clocks in this exhibition bears the name of both Tompion and Graham.

His Majesty's loan exhibit is a famous long case clock in oak, veneered with burr walnut. It is an "equation" clock; that is, it is a wonderful calculating machine which registers the difference between mean and solar time.

"Mean noon and solar noon of any given place agree only four times a year; at other times the sun is before or after the mean-time clock, and the numerical difference is known as the 'equation of time.'" Two special year equation time-pieces were made by Tompion for the Royal Family about the year 1700, and this is presumably one of them.

I have just room for a final note about Lord Mostyn's clock. This is 30 inches in height, of ebony with silver mounts; its great interest lies in the fact that it was made for King William III. at a cost of £1500, strikes the hours and quarters, is driven by mainsprings, and yet requires to be wound only once a year. It was in the King's bed-room at Kensington Palace when he died, was left by him to the Earl of Leicester, and has been in Lord Mostyn's family nearly 200 years. It is still in excellent order, and Lord Mostyn, I am informed, has the name of everyone who has wound it for the last 125 years or so.



2. ONE OF THE FINEST PIECES TO BE SEEN AT THE EXHIBITION OF OLD ENGLISH DOMESTIC CLOCKS BY TOMPION: AN EIGHT-DAY CALENDAR CLOCK MADE BY THE FAMOUS CLOCKMAKER ABOUT 1685—HERE ILLUSTRATED FOR THE FIRST TIME.

The clock-case is covered with a beautiful "oyster" pattern walnut veneer, with panels of flowers carried out in olive and tinted ivory inlay. The twisted columns on the hood are surmounted by brass Corinthian capitals.



1. THE FACE OF AN EIGHT-DAY TOMPION CLOCK; WITH THE DAY OF THE WEEK SEEN BELOW THE "XII" AND, BELOW THAT, THE APPROPRIATE ZODIACAL SIGN; TWO CENTRE CIRCLES PROBABLY SHOWING THE AGE OF THE MOON AND THE TIME OF MOON-RISE; BELOW THEM THE DAY OF THE MONTH; AND, ABOVE THE "VI," AN APERTURE TELLING THE DATES ON WHICH CERTAIN DAYS FALL.

the restoration fund of Bow Church. There will be about thirty clocks, among which is a famous specimen lent by H.M. the King, and the very extraordinary example—of which more later—belonging to Lord Mostyn. Two well-known experts, Messrs. F. H. Green and Ernest Watkins, are responsible for this enterprise, and, as such a collection has never before been gathered together, the show is certain of the success it deserves.

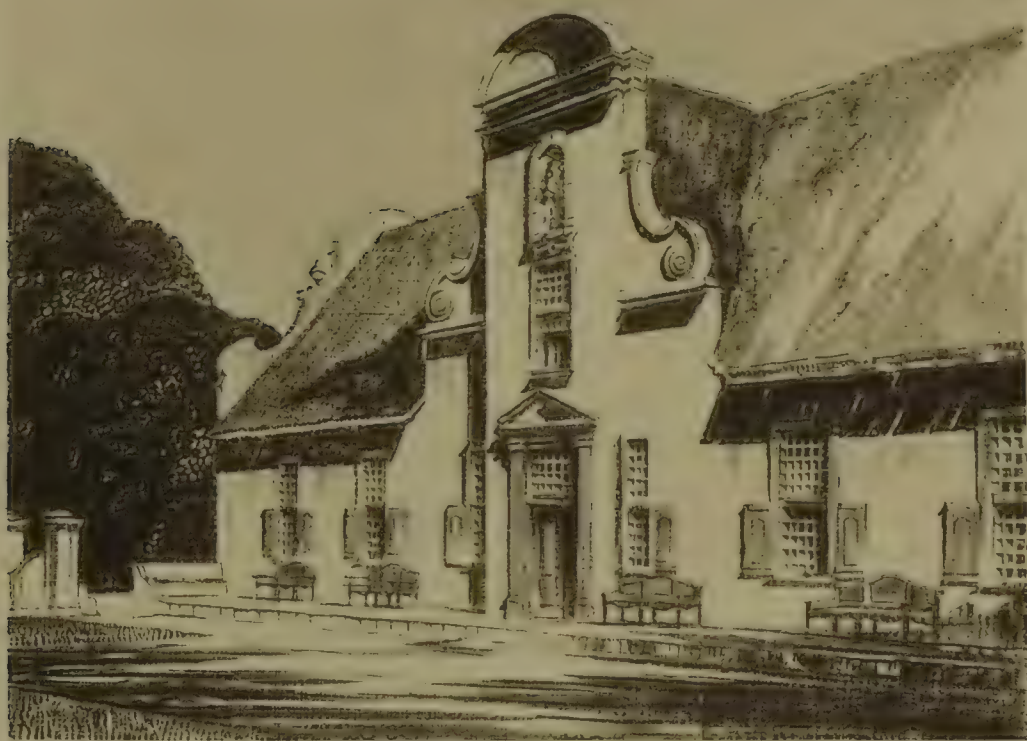
Your genuine clock enthusiast will, of course, gravitate to No. 13, Royal Exchange, Cornhill, next week with all the eagerness of a homing pigeon, and requires no urging from me; the layman, whose interest in clocks is merely sentimental, is hereby assured that if the craftsmanship of a very great personality can touch his imagination, he will find in this exhibition a formidable array of contrivances which are unsurpassed in their ingenuity and the extreme nicety of their detail. When he comes out he will surely have acquired some measure of understanding of the great esteem in which English clockmakers of the seventeenth century were held by their contemporaries.

It so happens that one exhibit is a truly noble specimen hitherto unrecorded. I illustrate this in three photographs, with a brief but, I trust, sufficient explanation. The case is of beautiful proportions and of a fine colour in an "oyster" walnut veneer, with panels of flowers carried out in olive and tinted ivory inlay; the hood is of an agreeable severity, relieved by two twisted wooden columns surmounted by brass corinthian capitals. The dial (Fig. 1) is no less attractive. Beneath the XII is the day of the week—beneath that the appropriate zodiacal sign. The function of the centre circle has not yet



3. A SIDE VIEW OF THE MOVEMENT OF THE EIGHT-DAY TOMPION CLOCK: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE FRONT BELL STANDARD, WHICH TURNS COMPLETELY ROUND SO THAT THE BIG BELL CAN BE STRUCK AT THE HOUR; AN INGENUOUS AND, APPARENTLY, UNIQUE DEVICE BY WHICH TWO TRAINS DO THE WORK OF THREE.

This clock, with some thirty others, will be seen at the Loan Exhibition of Clocks by Thomas Tompion at 13, Royal Exchange, Cornhill, E.C.3, in aid of Bow Church Restoration Fund.



THE SOUTH AFRICAN HOLIDAY

A shrewd traveller, writing of sea-voyaging, as the true antidote of city life, described it as a rhythm of living, of eating and of sleeping, which in turn induces a rhythm of thinking. There is a monotony in ocean travel which may oppress at first but later heals and soothes. The restful influence of ocean horizons and the invigorating effects of sea air, day after day, replenish mind and body alike.

It is these benefits of sea-voyaging that have brought the South African Holiday into such general favour, but the ocean trip is merely a prelude to the fuller change of climate, scenes and interests in this Dominion of sunshine, health and happiness.

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Photographs by Wallace Hedon.



MODEL SCHIAPARELLI.



MODEL PATOU.



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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By H. THORNTON RUTTER.

DURING the past fortnight motorland has discussed commercial vehicles, on account of the Commercial Motor Exhibition which was held at Olympia recently. Also Captain G. E. T. Eyston, one of Britain's leading professional speed drivers, created a new record of 102 miles an hour for a saloon car fitted with a compression-ignition engine. The latter was actually a tuned-up A.E.C. bus motor, as used in London's motor-buses on several routes, mounted in an old Bentley chassis.

But I do not think owners of petrol-using cars need ever worry as to this type of engine displacing the present internal-combustion motor. In the first place, the odours given forth are less harmful than the exhaust gases from petrol engines, but are far too pungent for private carriage owners. And,



SUPPLIED TO LORD DERBY: A "HOOPER" ENCLOSED LIMOUSINE ON A 20-25 H.P. ROLLS-ROYCE CHASSIS.

The car, which is painted blue, is fitted with special detachable and reversible seats which can be used in two positions. "Hooper" direction-indicators are fitted in the front of the canopy.

although the heavy oil allows the ordinary passenger single-deck coach to travel at a farthing per mile with a compression-ignition engine, the oil distributors frankly say its price will be increased to that of petrol if the demand for heavy fuel oil is largely increased. Finally, the engine is not really so flexible as the present petrol motor, but even if it should be improved to be equal to it, the smell from the exhaust bars it for private car use.

At the same time, there is no doubt that we shall see this compression-ignition engine used largely for transport vehicles which have to earn a living for their proprietors. The Commercial Motor Show at Olympia proved this, as practically every stand there occupied by a chassis builder had a compression-ignition power-unit to offer as an alternative to the petrol engine. Many municipalities are using these Diesel type engines in the corporation-owned public service passenger vehicles.

There were also a large number of electric trolley-buses displayed, which are replacing the tram in many towns in Great Britain. Generally speaking, however, the principal items in the Show were the various methods of building commercial chassis to carry 2 to 2½-ton loads (and yet keep inside the 15 cwt. chassis weight, which carries a £30 tax per annum after Jan. 1 instead of the present £28), and to carry 6-ton pay-loads on a 4-ton tax-paying vehicle. In fact, strength with lightness was the order of the commercial vehicle chassis builder, in order to defeat the new higher tax rates in Great Britain.



AN ATTRACTIVE PROPOSITION AT £325: THE NEW VAUXHALL 20-H.P. "BIG SIX"—SHOWING THE SLIDING ROOF AND THE SPECIAL NO-DRAUGHT WINDOWS.

But I am afraid some of the makers have rather overdone this weight-reduction, so that heavy work may prove too much for the chassis. That is why I like the new 2-2½-ton Thornycroft "Handy" lorry, with its forward control, large loading space, and weight of total vehicle unladen only 2 tons 6 cwt. 1 qr., with its 22½-h.p. four-cylinder engine developing 40 b.h.p., because it is a sturdy, strongly built chassis. Also it has been constructed to haul a one-ton trailer, while its price for the two-ton load-carrying platform lorry is only £375 and £30 tax per annum. No wonder the L. and N.E. Railway bought thirty-one of these vehicles, while the G.W. Railway also purchased eighty-four of these "Handy" lorries for their goods road-haulage vehicles.

Another example of good weight-reduction is the new Armstrong-Whitworth all-steel light-weight bodies for commercial vehicles. Made of pressed steel, they save 6 cwt. in weight as compared with the ordinary body, and quite a number of chassis builders have adopted their welded steel under-frames, on account of their extreme strength with lightness. The result of using these Armstrong-Whitworth under-frames is to bring the vehicle into a lower classification for taxing than the ordinary construction. In fact, in some cases there is a saving of £90 per annum and upwards in the tax rate.

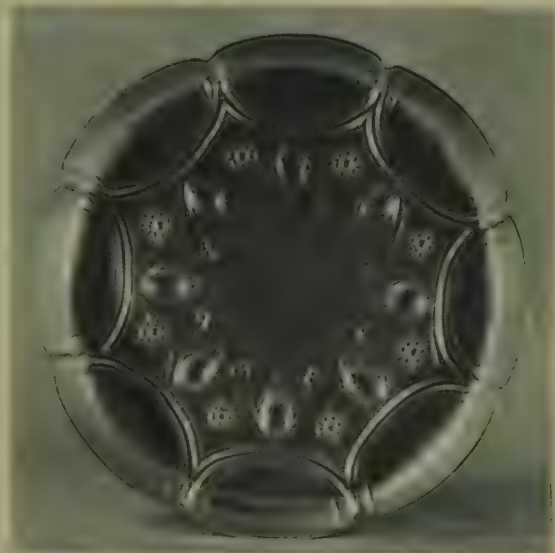
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NOTES FROM A TRAVELLER'S LOG-BOOK : AMONG THE BALEARIC ISLANDS.

By EDWARD E. LONG, C.B.E., F.R.G.S.

IT is not surprising that the Balearic Islands are growing in popularity as a winter resort. They have a winter climate which is excelled in Europe



SOLLER: GARDENS AND VILLAS IN A SETTING OF GREAT NATURAL BEAUTY, AMIDST MOUNTAINS THAT ARE CLOTHED WITH DENSE WOODS TO THEIR VERY SUMMITS.

Photograph by White Star.

certainly only by that of Malaga, and they have a variety of scenery which is almost incredible, and which is packed into such a comparatively small compass that it can be viewed without any long and tiring journeys into remote regions. They have also an air of romanticism which it is not easy to experience these days, a people still unspoiled, attached to their national customs and pastimes, and archaeological and historical remains which are of the greatest interest.

Of the three islands, Majorca is the one best known to visitors from this country, and to tourists in general, for the reason that it is the largest, containing the capital, Palma, which has direct and frequent communication by sea with Barcelona, and which thus enables visitors to travel *via* Paris, Toulouse, Narbonne, and Port Bou to Barcelona, and thence to Palma, well under forty-eight hours. And so Palma, which has

the finest climate in the islands, and a situation, on one of the most beautiful bays in the world, which is admirable alike for residence and sight-seeing, has become the tourist centre for the Balearic Isles.

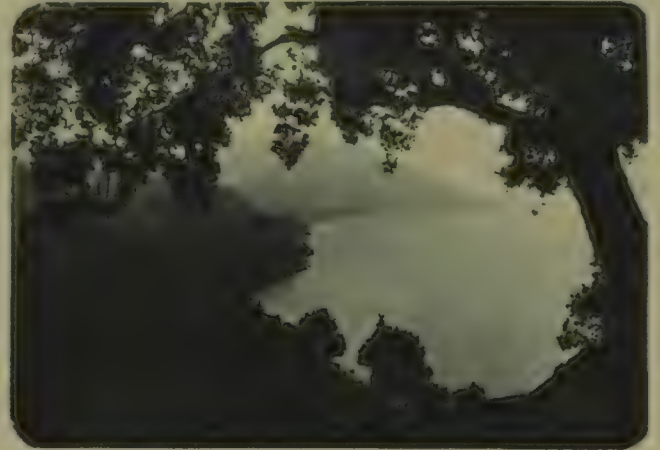
It is a city of considerable size, with modern hotels possessing all conveniences, and it is thoroughly well organised from the tourist point of view, with tram, train, and motor services, and various clubs, with facilities for sport. Its inhabitants are akin to the Catalans, that fine sporting race of north-eastern Spain with a Moorish blend, a legacy from a long period of Moorish rule, which has also imprinted itself on some of their customs; and its history dates back to over a hundred years B.C., when the Roman conqueror, Metellus Balearicus, settled 3000 Greek and Spanish colonists on the island, who chose Palma as a centre, and their ruler symbolised the place on Roman coins by the device of a palm branch. Later, the Vandals seized Majorca, and after this the Byzantines. Norman and Moslem raids followed, and in 903 A.D. the Umayyad Moors from Cordova, in Spain, captured it, and Moorish it remained until 1232, when, after a brief period of independence, with its own kings, it became incorporated in the kingdom of Spain.

Relics of Majorca's stirring history are to be seen in Palma—La Aludaina, built by the Arabs on the site of a former Roman castle; the Arab baths; the Lonja, a most beautiful Gothic building; the Castle of Bellever, once the residence of Majorcan kings; the Town Hall; and the fine Gothic Cathedral, founded in 1230 and completed in 1601.

Within easy reach of Palma there is magnificent coastal scenery—at Miramar, where precipitous cliffs alternate with slopes clothed with a tropical luxuriance, kissed by the blue waters of tiny bays; at Manacor there are wonderful caves; the orange-groves of Soller lie in a vale of beauty, around which tower lofty mountains, down the sides of which torrents dash in foam; Alcudia has a bay which ravishes the soul of the artist; and a drive to Raxa, where there is a splendid example of an old-time Majorcan

country mansion, with beautiful gardens, reveals a countryside which is enthralling in its charm.

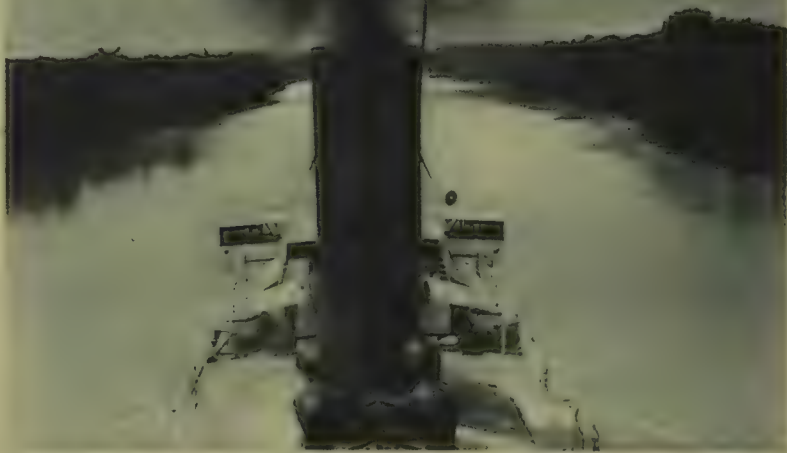
And from Palma it is possible to take trips by steamer to the other islands—to Minorca and Iviza. Minorca has a coast studded with picturesque creeks and bays—that of Port Mahon is extremely fine—and it figures prominently in British history, having been twice captured by British Generals, and once lost to the French owing to the alleged cowardice of a British Admiral—Byng. It is also rich in remains of the Bronze Age—the *Talayots*, or watch-towers of this culture, which it shares with Majorca, and the *Naus*, or *Navetas*, which are peculiar to this island. These are elongated pyramidal structures, built of immense blocks of stone, and containing a rectangular burial-chamber inside; and they are of profound archaeological interest. Iviza, the nearest of the islands to Spain, which is smaller than Minorca, has some delightful scenery, and its capital, Iviza, on the south-east coast, is a fortified town, with a good harbour, a thirteenth-century Gothic church, and a castle. South-east of it lies the tiny, flamingo-frequented islet of Formentera, and this, and the smaller islet still of Cabrera, off the southern coast of Majorca, complete the list of the Balearic Islands.



MAJORCA: A GLIMPSE OF THE CHARMING COAST AT MIRAMAR NOT FAR FROM PALMA, WHERE FORESTS OF TROPICAL LUXURANCE ALMOST OVERHANG THE BLUE WATERS OF A FINE BAY

Photograph by White Star.

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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"SUNSHINE SISTERS," AT THE QUEEN'S.

"DID you laugh?" cried Mr. Ivor Novello triumphantly, on the final fall of the curtain on the first night of his latest play. Undoubtedly many of us did some of the time, and some of us, possibly, most of the time. But, though to aim at making Laughter hold both his sides is a good enough aspiration in a gloomy world, it is even better to appreciate that, in addition to two sides, Laughter has a third—an inside. Turn that inside over, just a trifle, and a very queasy audience staggers from the theatre. For many, Mr. Novello's meal of "laughs at any price," regardless of taste, exceeded their digestive powers. Having witnessed two Shakespearean plays in the same week, the hardened first-nighter would not be likely to quail at an "Odds bodikins" or so, but some of the author's bodikins were (to use a sporting phrase) a trifle over the odds. Vulgarly was perhaps permissible in the conversation of three dancing girls, stranded outside a small café in Paris. Having "picked up" and been rescued by a Duke, the scene in their Brixton bed-sitting-room, when they sympathised with their mother's anguish at having "got the bird" at a Glasgow music hall, was very good fun. For in such circumstances, any more than in a navvy's trench, few could object to a spade being called a spade. But for most tastes

Mr. Novello overstepped the limit when he introduced these dancing girls into the hero's ancestral home, the duchess being interested in such unfortunates. The opportunities for equivocal caused by such a misunderstanding are too obvious to be emphasised, and it must be granted to Mr. Novello that he availed himself of every one of them. When on top of this he piled a heap of sickly sentiment, as nauseous to educated tastes as any servant-girl's weekly fiction paper, the limit of popular entertainment seemed to have been reached. It is a pity that one blessed with such a genuine gift for the stage as Mr. Ivor Novello was not also blessed with the gift of self-criticism, and so enable the poor professional critic to deal more kindly with him.

"HENRY VIII," AT SADLER'S WELLS.

It seems impossible that such a production as this shall die away after a fortnight at Sadler's Wells and a fortnight at the "Old Vic." It would surely crowd any West End theatre for many months. The settings designed by the late Charles Ricketts (lent by Miss Sybil Thorndike and Mr. Lewis Casson) have already been seen; and, it is interesting to note, at a place of entertainment that frowns down on the one where a film of this much-married king is now being shown. Mr. Tyrone Guthrie, with the loan of the scenery, and of many costumes from the company responsible for the above-mentioned

film, has secured a fine background for his production. But it is his production that counts; a superb series of stage pictures is superimposed on the background, while the lighting is superlatively good. Mr. Charles Laughton swaggered away with the rôle of Henry. A trifle restless, pardonable first-night nervousness possibly, he got lewdness, shrewdness, and yet a royal dignity into the part. Mr. Nicholas Hannen, whose *métier* is not the speaking of blank verse as a rule, gave by the very sincerity of his emotion a fine performance as Buckingham. Mr. Robert Farquharson, who has so often dominated the stage in minor parts, failed for once to do so in this major rôle. His Cardinal Wolsey was singularly unimpressive, and the great scene, as lengthy as it is great, in which he bade farewell to all his greatness conveyed little impression of tragedy. Miss Ursula Jeans was vivid as Anne Bullen, and Miss Athene Seyler, as her confidante, proved how a clever actress can make a few lines "get over"; she was alive in every look and gesture in this small part, and a real Shakespearean bawdiness stole from every twinkle of her eye, and submerged the audience in laughter. Miss Flora Robson gave, perhaps, the performance of the evening as Queen Katharine; restrained, her study of the unhappy wife lives in the memory.

"AFTERWARDS," AT THE WHITEHALL.

A peep behind the scenes is always interesting, and when Miss Marion Lorne, Mr. Ronald Squire, and Mr. Gordon Harker are seen there as three music-hall artists, it can hardly fail to be funny as well. Mr. Squire is The Great La Salle, Prestidigitator and Clairvoyant. Mr. Harker is his baggage man, and also "doubles" as a member of the audience invited on the stage to form a watch committee. Miss Lorne is the fluttering assistant who always spills the goldfish and puts the rabbit in the wrong hat. Fay Harley, recently widowed through an aeroplane smash, frets so over her husband's death that her relatives engage La Salle to stage a fake séance and console her with messages from the beyond. Their usual "medium" having departed in a temper, Tilly Whim (Miss Lorne) is promoted to the rôle, having been carefully primed as to what she is to say. She falls into a real trance, however, and accuses one of the house-party of murder. This is a daring situation, and its failure to grip the audience would ruin the play. But, thanks to Miss Lorne's clever acting, the audience is held spellbound. This play is not as definitely farcical as its predecessors, but it is always interesting and frequently amusing.

THE GREAT UNKNOWN.

(Continued from Page 798.)

sub specie æternitatis which it has for terrestrial physicists)? Or a creation perpetually recreating itself, indefatigably "on the job," in Dr. Millikan's elegant phrase? If we could know, we should at last have some sure basis for our religion, even if it were only the religion of resignation (perhaps the last and highest achievement of human faith). But we shall never know, for it is the law of our intelligence that beyond every revelation lies the unrevealed; and, for man, nothing in nature will ever be the final goal of attainment except the unattainable.

Mr. Garbedian's series of brief sketches hardly constitutes, or pretends to constitute, a scientific work of any depth or originality, nor is its form of any distinction; but it gives a very convenient conspectus of the chief scientific problems and inquiries of the day, and is none the less suggestive for its frankly "popular" form. It undoubtedly holds the attention and stimulates the imagination, and is often valuable in its simple exposition; for example, the brief account of Einstein's theories will help many perplexed minds to grasp the principia of an elusive subject. We trust that the compositor, and not the author, is responsible for references which place George III. in the year 1872, and attribute to Aristotle a work entitled "De Amina."

C. K. A.



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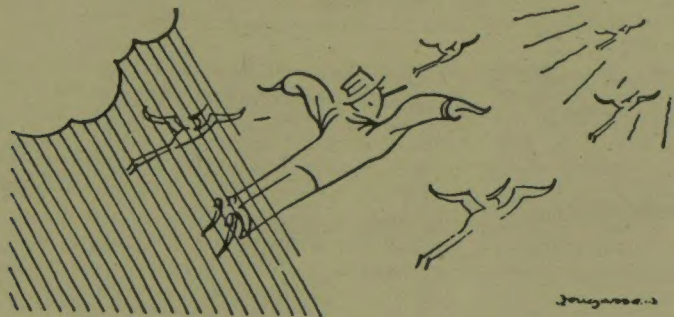
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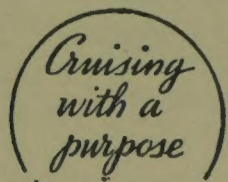
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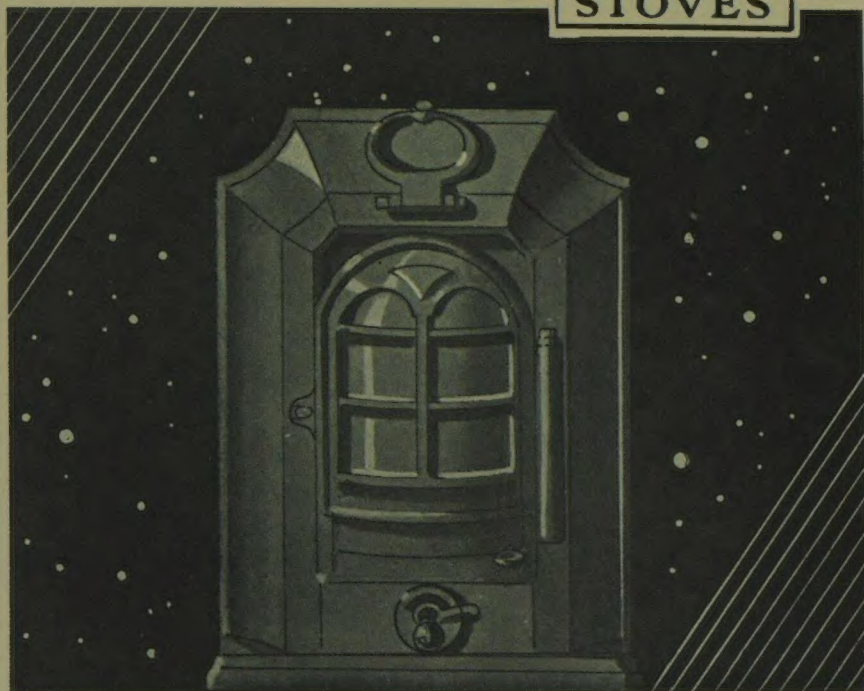
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THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

BÉLA BARTÓK IN LONDON.

THE B.B.C. did us a service last week in presenting the English public with the first performance of a new Concerto for Pianoforte and Orchestra by the famous Hungarian composer, Béla Bartók, who himself took the solo part. This concerto, which is in three movements, is the second work of the kind composed by Bartók, and is, in my opinion, one of the most successful and interesting works written in modern times for this combination of instruments. Like most modern composers, Bartók exploits the percussion character of the pianoforte, but, unlike many, he uses it in the interests of music, although sometimes—as in the first movement of this concerto—his treatment is rather grim, and almost oppressive in its forcefulness. The second movement, however, is extremely beautiful, with its expressive contrasts; and the last is a truly thrilling dramatic rondo, in which the rhythmic vitality of the composer is most exhilarating.

It is amusing to find that Bartók's work is described as the strongest renunciation of romanticism in modern music, going even beyond Stravinsky. In my opinion, Bartók, like Stravinsky, is just as romantic as Berlioz or Schumann, but his music is dramatic rather than lyrical, and rhythmic rather than melodic, and it is this which deceives people. There can be no doubt, however, that this latest concerto is a fine addition to the repertory of pianists, and it was played superbly by the composer.

BUSCH AND SERKIN.

A delightful Sonata Recital was given at the Queen's Hall by those two excellent artists, Adolf Busch (violin) and Rudolf Serkin (pianoforte). The programme

consisted of Mozart's Sonata in B flat (K 454), Bach's Sonata No. 3 in E major, for clavier and violin, and Beethoven's "Kreutzer" Sonata. The Mozart Sonata was composed for an Italian violinist who came to Vienna in 1784, and Mozart himself played the pianoforte part with her out of his head, not having had time to write it down. It is an exceedingly attractive composition, and was admirably played. Busch and Serkin make one of the best existing combinations for pianoforte and violin, as they are both sound and serious musicians who work for interpretation, not display. Serkin has rather more rhythmic vitality than his colleague; but Busch, if a little uneven, is a clean, dignified player, and one never has the feeling with them that

one player overweights the other—which is rare in this combination of instruments.

BEECHAM REDIVIVUS.

Something has happened to Sir Thomas Beecham, for he is conducting better than he has ever conducted before, and he was always capable, at times, of being one of the most inspiring of living conductors. There were occasions, however, when he produced in his hearers a suspicion of a want of thoroughness; one felt that he was a little too inclined to trust to luck and to his native instinct for music, which is indeed remarkable. Also, his conceptions were frequently flawed with a certain sentimentality, and in such composers as Mozart and Schubert his sensitiveness to the lyrical beauty of their melodic line often caused him to linger with an excess of expression, like a gushing tenor, over their phrasing, to the loss of purity of feeling and of rhythm. But lately he has been interpreting all the music he has given as if he had suddenly had a revelation of the real basis of music—namely, rhythm. His performance of the "Eroica" Symphony the other week was remarkable for the way he sustained and clarified the rhythm of the slow movement, and since then he has given the finest performance of Mozart's "Jupiter" Symphony that I have heard for many years, and a superb interpretation of Schumann's B flat major Symphony. Also, he has trained the London Philharmonic Orchestra to play with a correctness and vitality which make it, at the moment, much the best orchestra in London. For once the soloist, Gregor Piatigorsky, at this last Philharmonic Concert, showed himself hardly up to the level of the orchestra and conductor. His playing of the Dvořák 'Cello Concerto was sentimental, and far from being technically perfect.



THE MASTERPIECE OF THE WEEK AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: A FOURTEENTH-CENTURY FRENCH JEWEL-CASKET OF OAK, CARVED IN HIGH RELIEF, WITH FIGURES, WHICH ARE GILDED OR PAINTED, AGAINST A BACKGROUND OF SCARLET.

On the top of the box are long compartments with tall elegant figures of a lady and gentleman in the costume of about 1380, standing beneath trees. The wrought-iron handle is set in the masks of two heraldic lions. The front of the casket shows two more heraldic lions seated flanking the lock. On the right is seen a "salvage" man ("woodwose," or man of the woods), a favourite subject in mediæval art; on the left is a lady with attendant. The sides represent hunting scenes: one, the killing of a boar by throwing a cloth over its head; the other a stag-hunt with hounds, the animals being rendered with a naïve and peculiarly effective realism in their natural colours. But the most interesting scene depicted is that on the back of the casket, which shows a lady and gentleman playing chess, the pieces being clearly indicated on a board shown in arbitrary perspective. The casket is 6 in. high by 11½ by 9½ in.—[Reproduced by Courtesy of the Victoria and Albert Museum. Crown Copyright Reserved.]



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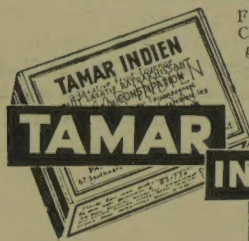
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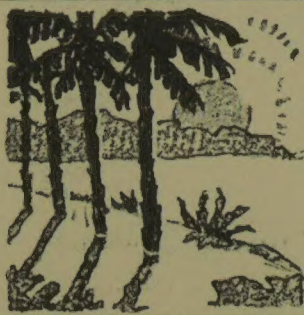
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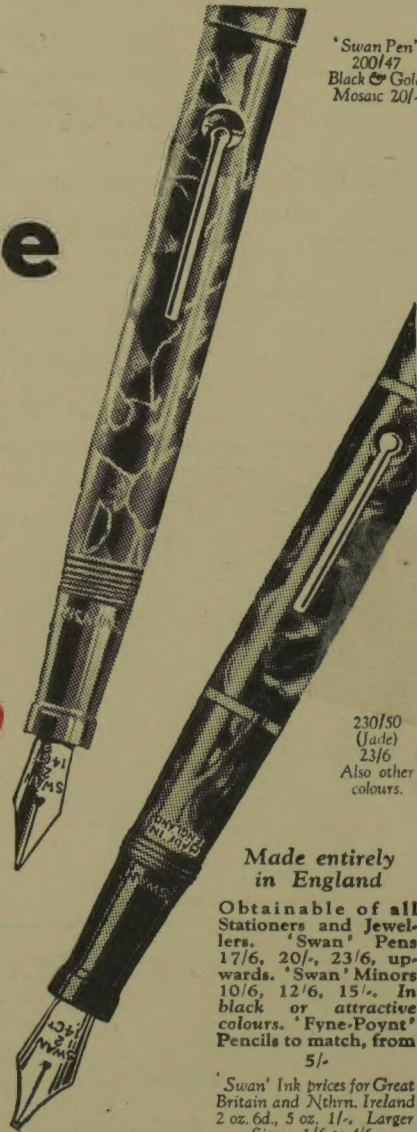
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